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Neuhaus on SODOMY, ELIGION, DEMOCRACY —Page 40

NATIONAL REVIEW

LETTING THE GOOD TIMES ROLL WITH GOVERNOR DWIN EDWARDS OF LOUISIANA

BY BEN C. TOLEDANO

ALSO: TWO CHEERS FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION–Chester E. Finn Jr.
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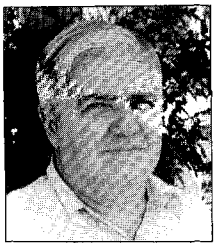
AUGUST 15, 1986
VOL. XXXVIII, NO. 15

NATIONAL REVIEW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Cover design by K. Elliott

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1986. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: $34.00 a year (25 issues). Add $11.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

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LETTERS

'Dutch' Shultz

While Don Vito could indeed teach our Secretary of State a thing or two, United States foreign policy is not in as incapable hands as Tom Bethell may think ["What George Shultz Could Learn from Don Corleone," Aug. 1]. Attempting to change the entire political direction of a firmly entrenched bureaucracy while at the same time keeping the organization functional is a mighty task. Shultz's critics are not themselves constrained by the practical considerations inherent in running this country's diplomatic corps. George Shultz is doing his best, given the rampant dereliction of American interests abroad in previous Administrations. The proof of his success will be measured years from now, when the Reagan Doctrine replaces appeasement as the prevailing wisdom governing foreign policy at an operational level.

Paul Castle
Sparks, Nev.

Scrambled Eggheads

Max Singer's "The Anxieties of the Ruling Class" [July 4] is a good topical description of the subject. It lacks historical perspective, however—which I hope Mr. Singer's book will supply.

The tradition of the intellectual elite presumes a society that is insensitive to truth and humanity, and most members of which have little education, leisure, or political clout. Hence, the traditional role of the intellectual elite was to correct and refine the views of the larger public.

Given American developments in education, leisure, and democracy, the presumption upon which this traditional role is based has become archaic. Unfortunately, a burgeoning of the intellectual class, in numbers and affluence, since World War II has enabled the members of that class to intensify their pursuit of their traditional—now dubious—role. However, they are at least partly conscious of losing their dominance over paths to truth and humanity—hence their low morale, as they drift increasingly into convention and ritual.

Ivan W. Parkins
Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

Chairmen Now

Delighted to read Joseph Sobran's "Reason for Hope" [July 18] and his discussion of the possibilities of Chinese liberalization. Unfortunately, though, Chinese Marxism is not an experiment conducted by the elite to see if it works in place of something else. It *is* the elite and the structure of their position of authority.

A more dismal view of recent reforms prompts itself from Mao's despair over the lack of a Chinese proletariat. China during the guerrilla days was peasants—very few proletarians. Backyard furnaces did not change that, nor did the cultural tizzy that came next. Marx himself insisted that a proletariat must first be created under capitalism before another system of economic arrangements could elevate it into the dictatorship. Could it be that the current smiling leadership is merely taking a step backward to remedy a slight oversight of a revolution too soon?

Edward Haile
Champlain, Va.

The Return of the Nativists

I didn't realize that conservatives were so distrustful of market processes as to argue—as Chilton Williamson Jr. did in his favorable review of Philip Martin's monograph on immigration and the U.S. labor market—that relatively free movement of labor results in "too much" reliance on cheap labor and "not enough" investment in labor-saving capital equipment ["The Right Books," May 23]. I suppose wise government economic planners can judge the appropriate price and supply of labor better than workers and employers and can intervene to protect us when the market makes an unfortunate capital-labor allocation.

It seems to me that the same fears raised by anti-immigrationists were raised by nativist politicians in the last century, and yet we survived earlier waves of immigration. Free movement of peoples was the norm before World War I for those not enserfed and was the major distinguishing characteristic of freemen.

The U.S. lost its chance to be uniform at about the time the Colonies were founded. We have managed to absorb a great number of different kinds of people without major damage because we are free and our survival within this nation does not depend on a political war of all against all of the sort that inevitably ensues in states where the government hands out all the favors. Let us conserve

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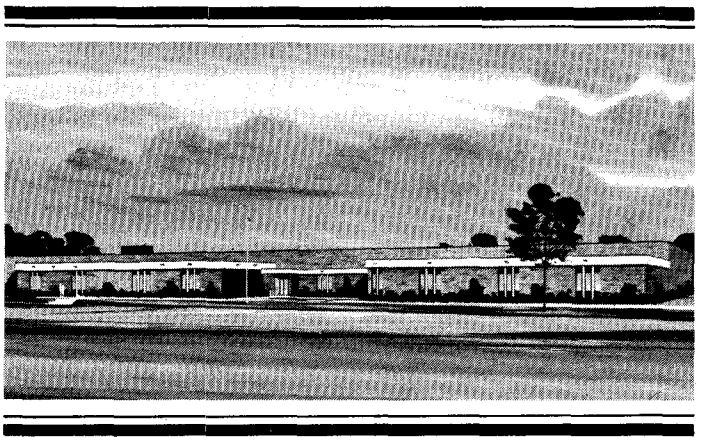

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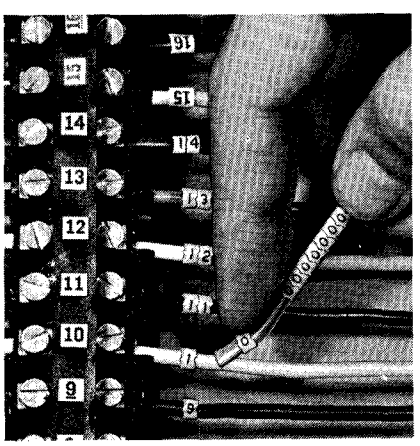

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With Friends like These

I believe you might have had a different impression of the status of academic freedom at Haverford College ["On the Right," July 4] if you had attended the commencement weekend, as I did to see my son receive his degree.

Drew Lewis gave full and respectfully received statements on his actions and beliefs with regard to the PATCO strike at an informal gathering of alumni, faculty, and guests the evening before the ceremonies and at the commencement itself. While it is true that a third of the faculty purportedly signed a statement of protest that he should receive their degree, and a large number of students wore white armbands to express their opposition, that was the extent of the protest. It did not in the remotest way amount to an attempt to prevent Mr. Lewis from speaking or taking part. Indeed, given Haverford's Quaker heritage, it would have been unspeakable to do otherwise. The protestors observed both their academic responsibilities and the Quaker tradition of tolerance for dissent. I believe that Mr. Lewis's ultimate rejection of the degree, too, was in keeping with that Friendly spirit.

I wonder if Mr. Lewis himself would agree wholeheartedly with your characterization of the Haverford incident as an affliction that curses "conservative" speakers generically. At the evening event noted above, he made a lengthy reply to a question about the so-called conservative drift of national politics. He said that he had earlier run for elective office in Pennsylvania and was received generally as a moderate and still felt that way. It was his perception that the country had since changed its center of political gravity, but he resisted casual characterization as liberal or conservative. The protest against his degree was specific to an action, not against a set of political beliefs.

Stephen Wertheimer
Vice President, College Relations
Baruch College
New York, N.Y.

A Lot of Crop

Now that farmers are being sent for ten-day stretches back into the Chernobyl area ["The Week," June 6], get set for some really glowing reports about Soviet agricultural production.

Michael Roane
Temple Hills, Md.

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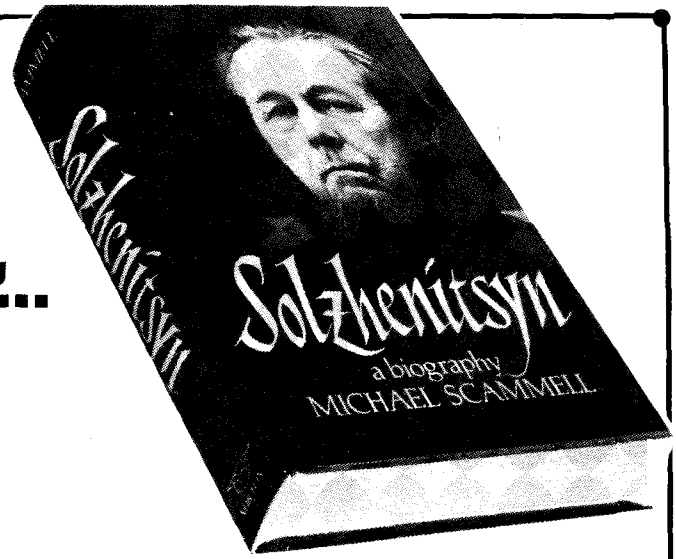

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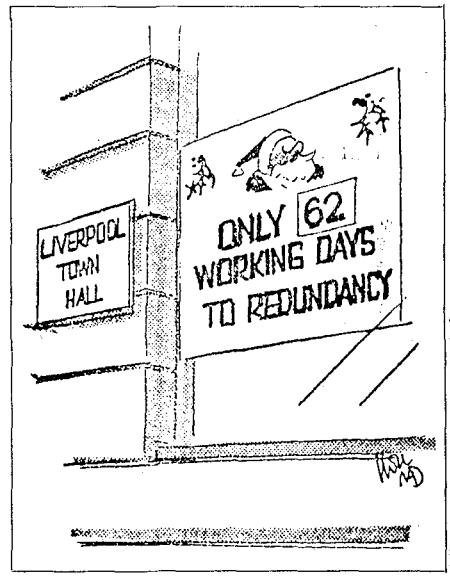
FOR THE RECORD

Looking forward to '88: Here's how Democratic presidential hopefuls have done since February, according to **Arthur Finkelstein** poll: **Gary Hart** up 4.2 points, to 27.9 per cent; **Mario Cuomo** down 2.5, to 12.6 per cent; **Jesse Jackson** up 4.2, to 10.6 per cent; Sen. **Bill Bradley** up 5.1 (following vote on **Packwood**-Bradley tax bill), to 8.2 per cent. . . . How do they stack up in Iowa and New Hampshire, the first major '88 battlefields? **Brad Bannon** poll (N.H.) gives Hart 42 per cent, Mass. Gov. **Michael Dukakis** 27 per cent, Cuomo 16 per cent, former Va. Gov. **Charles Robb** 2 per cent. In Iowa (*Des Moines Register*), it's Hart 44 per cent, Cuomo 24 per cent, with Jesse Jackson and Bill Bradley tied at 2 per cent. . . . Meanwhile, **Evans & Novak** report that both Cuomo and **Joseph Biden** have let it be known they won't negotiate with Jesse Jackson, as **Mondale** tried to do in 1984. "The perceived wisdom inside the Democratic Party," says E&N, "is that you can't do business with Jackson." . . . Charles Robb's star is on the rise: **Victor Lasky**, in *American Politics* cover piece titled "The Man Who Could Be King," suggests Robb should be taken seriously as presidential rather than vice-presidential candidate. . . . On Republican side, the Finkelstein poll finds **George Bush** up 2 points since February, to 46.4 per cent; **Jack Kemp** up 1.3, to 6.6 per cent; **Bob Dole** about the same, 7.3 per cent; **Howard Baker** down 2.7, to 5.2 per cent. . . . In New Hampshire, conservative former Gov. **Meldrim Thomson** has come out for fundamentalist **Pat Robertson**, says he believes Robertson will win New Hampshire primary. . . . Newcomer to Republican lists, former Delaware Gov. **Pierre du Pont**, is pitching for conservative support. He supports vouchers not only in the schools, but also for Medicare patients; deregulation; private-sector development —in sum, the **Reagan** program. . . .



Holland, *London Daily Telegraph* / Rothco

How's the present resident of the White House doing? He topped the 70 per cent approval mark right after Fourth of July hoopla in **Richard Wirthlin** poll, getting an astonishing 82 per cent approval rating from young people.

Daniel Ortega has managed, by the expulsion of Bishop **Pablo Antonio Vega**, to do something no one thought possible: to convince the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops that the Church is under attack in Nicaragua. "The bishops of the United States," says Father **Daniel Hoye**, general secretary of the USCCB, "stand in solidarity with Cardinal **Obando** and his colleagues in the church of Nicaragua." . . . U.S. Ambassador to the UN Gen. **Vernon Walters** points out that 11 of the 15 judges of the World Court, who recently condemned the U.S. for aggressive actions in Nicaragua, come from nations that reserve the right to refuse the Court's jurisdiction. . . . The International League for Human Rights in New York has brought out devastating 162-page report on human-rights violations in Nicaragua. Among its findings: that strikes are forbidden and that all seven directors of a major independent labor union are in jail. . . . It was findings of this sort that convinced three recent congressional visitors, Reps. **Olympia Snowe** (R., Me.), **Albert Bustamante** (D., Tex.), and **Richard Ray** (D., Ga.), to change sides on Contra aid. . . . The Communist *People's Daily World* headline on closing of *La Prensa* and exiling of Catholic clerics read: AFTER CONTRA VOTE, NICARAGUA MOVES TO DEFEND REVOLUTION. . . . Across the world, in Moscow, Soviet authorities picked up Dr. **Yuri Medvedkov** of the peacenik Moscow Trust Group and threw him in jail for ten days on charges of "hooliganism" lest he try to preach peace to spectators and contestants at **Ted Turner**'s Goodwill Games. . . . And South Korea, which fears above all that something will bollix up its 1988 Olympics, has cravenly banned *Rocky IV* "as not in the interest of international reconciliation."

Accuracy in Academia reports Prof. **Barbara Foley** has been denied tenure by Northwestern Provost **Raymond Mack**. Prof. Foley prevented Nicaraguan freedom fighter **Adolfo Calero** from speaking at Northwestern last year, storming the podium, throwing a red liquid over him, and yelling: "He has no right to speak here tonight. He'll be lucky to get out of here alive." . . . Former *Ramparts* editor and anti-Vietnam demonstrator **David Horowitz** is now active in Berkeley as vocal supporter of Reagan Contra policy. . . . A **Mervin Field** poll in California shows more people would like to see **Richard Nixon** (41 per cent) given some foreign-policy assignment than either **Jerry Ford** (26 per cent) or **Jimmy Carter** (22 per cent). . . . Doubleday will bring out **Barry Goldwater**'s autobiography next year. It promises to be salty. . . . On July 30, **Ron Docksai**, former staff director of Senate Committee on Labor and Human Resources, was sworn in as Assistant Secretary of HHS for Legislation by Judge **James L. Buckley**.

Not politic perhaps, but funny, **Mike Deaver**'s comment at a Washington dinner party: "You can tell how far from power I've fallen in a year when I'm seated between **Ed Rollins**'s fiancée and **Sam Donaldson**'s wife."

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These are not toys.

You are looking at authentic dinosaur models designed by the British Museum of Natural History. Each was sculpted to scale (1:45) by the craftsmen of the Museum, depicting the original down to the skin texture! They have been beautifully reproduced in solid, unbreakable, non-toxic, self-colored plastic. And the largest (Diplodocus) is nearly two feet long and weighs nearly one pound! Thousands of these fascinating, educational and life-like models have been sold by museums throughout the world, and they make great gifts for kids from 8 to 80. They may not be toys, but they certainly are fun. So collect the complete set.

TRICERATOPS *(Greek, Three-Horned)*

Probably the last of the dinosaurs to meet extinction, Triceratops resembled the modern rhino in habits and build. Its most distinctive feature, apart from its three-horned head, was its armor-like skin: sinewy, thick, magnificently carved, and rising in a giant frill at the back of the skull, it was an intricate network of crevices and ridges that is vividly rendered in this impressive reproduction imagained by the precision craftsmen at the British Museum.

TYRANNOSAURUS *(Greek, Tyrant Lizard)*

Feeble, two-fingered forelimbs and an awkward pose belie the tremendous power of Tyrannosaurus—the largest and most highly evolved of the flesh eaters. Here are all its ferocious features in frightening detail: the enormous head; its dagger-like teeth (saw-edged, to rip through carrion with ease); huge, sharply clawed feet at the base of two alarmingly powerful legs; and a massive, sinuous tail. Based on a specimen from the Museum's holdings, this ingeniously conceived model is a hands-on learning tool the whole family can enjoy.

STEGOSAURUS *(Greek, Roof Lizard)*

No detail has been overlooked in this superb simulation of the famous "three-brained" dinosaur. From the rows of alternating saw-edged plates that cover its neck, back and tail to the bony spikes on the tail's tip that could smash even the most imposing foe with fatal force, the brilliantly faithful and life-like reproduction you see here captures every startling detail of this unusual looking monster, right down to its tiny, hooked beak.

DIPLODOCUS *(Greek, Double Beam)*

Nothing captures the lumbering ferocity of the longest land animal of all time better than this exquisite model imagined by the experts at the British Museum. From its tiny head and snaky neck to its frightening whip-like tail, fascinating details abound. Like its nostrils, located above the eyes so that most of its head could be under-water as it raked up swamp plants with its tiny pegged teeth. An incredible 20" long, this handsome miniature is the hallmark of the Museum's collection.

THE COMPLETE SET

$14.95

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1341189. Please rush me_____dinosaur set(s) at $14.95 each (Plus $1.75 shipping and insurance). N.Y., N.J., Mass., and PA. residents please add sales tax.
✓ Check one ☐ Check or money order enclosed
☐ Please charge this to
☐Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐Am. Ex. ☐Diners Club
Acct. #_____ Exp.____
Signature_____

SHIP TO:
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Address_____ Apt.____
City_____
State, Zip_____

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THE WEEK

☐ Let's get tough with the Kremlin and demand that it accord to all its people the privileges and immunities currently enjoyed by South African blacks.

☐ Secretary of Education William Bennett has struck again, urging school principals and university administrators to get tough on drugs. Speaking at the Heritage Foundation, he cited a new survey finding that a third of U.S. college students have tried cocaine, and suggested measures to stop drugs on campus—the use of city and state as well as campus cops, and a cutoff of federal aid to colleges where illegal drug use is effectively uncontrolled. "There is not a parent or taxpayer in the country who would object if such a policy were announced and carried out," he said. Our own agenda is a little broader. First let's cut off federal aid to colleges that tolerate drug abuse. Then let's cut off aid to those that don't.

☐ The world was too much with him: so Gregory Hyatt, the young conservative tax-cutter, concluded, pulling out of the Massachusetts Republican gubernatorial primary a fortnight ago. Assuming he and his establishment opponent Royall Switzler stay pulled out, the choice of nominee falls to the GOP state committee come September. No prominent Massachusetts Republican so far has been willing to run. (Whether there are any prominent Massachusetts Republicans is another question.) George Will has called the state GOP, justly, a political Chernobyl. The hapless voters are guaranteed four more years of Michael Dukakis, liberal social policy, and economic nescience.

☐ The resistance to the new Anglo-American extradition treaty, confirmed after long delays by the Senate, was partly legal, partly sentimental. 1) Extradition treaties traditionally make exceptions for political crimes; the United States does not obligate itself to ship back someone fleeing a sedition rap slapped on by the despot *du jour*. This provision, however, was stretched by IRA fugitives to cover bombings, shootings, and other acts of mayhem committed in pursuit of what they term an "insurrection." It was a rickety extension of a sound principle, which the new treaty dismantles. Senator Helms opposed the revision on the grounds that it might lead to requests for the extradition of Contras and Mujahedin. If it does, the answer is plain: They fight truly tyrannical regimes, which leave them no recourse but war. Belfast is not Kabul. 2) Many Irish-Americans retain a notion that the IRA is organically related to the gallant rebels of the past. It is not. Today's IRA is a collection of Marxist radicals, socialist and virulently anti-Catholic (the Republic of Ireland calls it a "fascist organization"). They train in places like Libya and Yemen; they have a lot more in common with Abul Abbas than with "The Wearin' o' the Green". They don't deserve Americans' support, or the protections of America's law.

☐ New York Senator Alfonse D'Amato and U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani went undercover to publicize how easy it is to buy cocaine on New York City streets. Dressed down in biker gear, complete with shades and Hell's Angels colors, the pair of uneasy riders cruised the drug-ravaged Washington Heights section of Manhattan for a few minutes before scoring several doses of crack, proving that Big Apple drug dealers are non-discriminatory, they'll sell it to anyone, including white male Republicans looking like ad execs run amuck.

☐ The New York City Council will hold hearings on legislation seeking economic sanctions against the Soviet Union. The bill, almost identical to the disinvestment legislation passed by the council last year against South Africa, would severely restrict the city's dealings with any banks and companies that do business with the Evil Empire. Would you believe it? *New York*?

☐ Are Republicans really the party of fiscal restraint? The National Taxpayers Union comes up with an emphatic yes, in its 13th annual study of congressional spending. Analyzing every roll-call vote taken in 1985 that affected the amount of federal spending, the NTU gave each congressman a percentage rating based on the amount of money he voted to appropriate—the higher scores representing frugality. There were few individual surprises, but group results are revealing: The Republican averages are 58 per cent (Senate) and 56 per cent (House); corresponding Democratic scores are 31 per cent and 34 per cent. More interesting still, Republicans hold every one of the top 58 positions in

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the House, while Democrats are stuck with the bottom 38. In the Senate, the forty biggest spenders are all Democrats, including Gary Hart, fourth from the bottom (so that's what neoliberalism means). All of which suggests that the Reaganization of the GOP is coming along splendidly.

☐ No more commercials from W. R. Grace & Company on the deficit unless J. Peter Grace is able to win a campaign he has mounted against the major networks. CBS and NBC have adopted policies that claim to prohibit advertising on controversial issues of public importance, while ABC banishes such ads to after-midnight slots. As Grace lawyer Joseph Califano (!) argues: "Democracy depends on well-informed citizens who have access to a free marketplace of ideas, and television ranks as the predominant medium in the United States today. . . . [The networks'] policy purports to limit debate on precisely those issues that it is most important that we as a society address." We hasten to add that not all issue ads are precluded—some issues are more equal, or less controversial, than others. Currently on network television you will find ads on the liability crisis, export food policy, and, of course, nuclear power. The networks have run Grace commercials in the past. Why the sophistries now?

☐ You're not supposed to sit in the sun. Skin cancer. You're not supposed to smoke. Lung cancer and bad fumes. You're not supposed to drink, or, if you do, at most white wine. You're not supposed to go more than 55 miles per hour on superhighways designed for seventy, even though the gas shortage is over. Mayor Koch is trying to outlaw smoking in all official New York City office space. Now there is pressure to outlaw even *advertising* tobacco. Of course, you can't eat a cheeseburger because of the cholesterol. Thanks a lot.

☐ If you list Mozambique and Tanzania as "capitalist states"; if you exclude Vietnam and Cambodia because their conversion to "socialism" is too recent (ten years old); if you exclude the United States and other high-income capitalist countries because there are no equivalent "socialist" economies—then, if you are Professors Howard Waitzkin and Shirley Ceresto, you can publish a paper in the *American Journal of Public Health* that concludes that residents of socialist nations enjoy better medical care and educational benefits than their capitalist counterparts. No wonder the academic world was up in arms when it heard Reed Irvine was turning his beady eye on it. This is the kind of thing Accuracy in Academia is turning up.

☐ Constructing the brave new world can be a trying experience. Take Nicaragua, for example, where, despite the government's assurances that the current food shortage—Communism's perennial problem—is only a temporary exigency brought on by the rigors of war, the people keep selfishly complaining they don't have enough to eat. Thanks to the Sandinistas' attempt to circumvent the basic laws of economics (they've demanded that farmers supply food at less than the cost of producing it), Nicaraguans no longer have enough corn, beans, rice, eggs, potatoes, milk, meat, or cooking oil. In the current issue of *This World*, Gary Moore outlines the ongoing Nicaraguan campaign to create the New Communist Man (you know, the one who wouldn't care if his children had milk to drink, so long as their starvation was in the service of the revolution). In the mountain town of Estelí, Moore says, there is a ramshackle sidewalk food stand, which, in a valiant attempt to laud the Nicaraguan revolution, put up a banner that says it all: "Soybeans, food of the new man."

☐ The *Achille Lauro* hijackers recently convicted in Genoa were given prison sentences ranging from 15 to thirty years, and the Klinghoffer family, along with much of civilized world opinion, is understandably outraged. The matter for concern is not so much the difference between an "appropriate" sentence and an inadequate or trivial one: It is the difference between any jail term and execution, which is banned in Italy. Of course, the knotty moral arguments over the death penalty have not been worked out to everyone's satisfaction, although to those who see terrorism as the nearest thing to undiluted evil, the justice of capital punishment is clear. But the further point must always be made that a terrorist sitting in jail is a positive *inducement* to more terrorism—the *Achille Lauro* hijacking itself had as its goal the freeing of 51 PLO associates in Israeli jails, 51 potential killers of future Leon Klinghoffers. Social scientists debate whether capital punishment really exercises a deterrent effect. There is no question that leaving convicted terrorists alive guarantees more terrorism.

☐ Albania's going soft. Ramiz Alia, the new First Secretary, is rumored to be on the verge of decriminalizing private prayer within the home. Before you

Her Majesty Prefers Sanctions

The Queen, whose House will be around
When Mrs. Thatcher's underground,
Is worried that the Commonwealth
Will slip into declining health
If Britain plays the odd man out
While all the others stamp and shout,
Though giving ministers the bird
Has not been tried since George the Third.

W. H. von Dreele

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JESSE HELMS is back in the limelight. While in Chile in early July, the senator charged that U.S. Ambassador Harry Barnes had "planted the U.S. flag in the midst of Communist activity" by attending the funeral of Rodrigo Rojas, a 19-year-old Chilean exile and American resident who was allegedly beaten and set afire by the Chilean military. "It was a Communist rally," said Helms. He also denounced State's call for an independent investigation, and insinuated that President Reagan doesn't know what's going on in Chile.

Helms admits he is no expert on Chile, but says he was just telling the press what he had seen and heard. In so doing, however, the senior senator from North Carolina undercut the current United States policy of pushing reform on the Pinochet regime. "The policy of quiet diplomacy hasn't worked in Chile," says Elliott Abrams, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. "So the policy is now less quiet. If we apply the yardstick of democracy on the Left, we have to do it on the Right, too."

President Reagan quickly made it clear that Barnes was following orders from Washington, making Barnes "ten feet tall and bazooka-proof," in the opinion of a State insider. "No one is going to remove him now. It would look like we caved—precisely the wrong signal to send to Santiago."

Indeed, Helms did do some damage, most of it to himself. "This time he's burned his bridges," observed a Republican senator. "Jesse's biggest mistake was saying the President doesn't know what's going on down there." "Helms ticks off the Republican leadership," says an infuriated Hill Reaganite, "particularly since he has no broad conservative vision of what the U.S. should be doing. His political career's based on reacting and criticizing, not creating or building."

Helms says that at least a dozen senators have told him privately, "Congratulations, way to go, we're with you on this." Maybe so, but no one these days is defending Jesse publicly.

Bob Dole is gaining speed as a presidential contender. Senate TV is a plus for Dole, hyping his leadership virtuosity. Senate passage of tax reform, emerging from the Finance Committee he formerly chaired, has helped, too. Earlier criticism of the Majority Leader's harsh and abrasive manner has been quelled by a new mellowed and seasoned look.

Dole's acceleration is all the more evident because of the other contenders' palpable immobility. The Saudi oil flap slowed Bush down. Kemp foolishly removed himself from the tax-reform spotlight and lost momentum. Pat Robertson is only starting, and Howard Baker hasn't started at all.

Dole's assets could make him formidable: 1) The press likes him, not least because he can turn a phrase (usually comic) better than any other candidate. 2) He's on top of the news whenever he wishes, being no one-or-two-issues candidate. 3) He's indefatigable, visiting as many as five states some weekends, speaking on behalf of GOP candidates, collecting IOUs from pols and operatives. 4) His political instincts are better than those of any of the other contenders. 5) He's been around the national track before and knows what mistakes not to make.

To conservatives, Dole is also showing more than a little leg. Americans for Democratic Action, which runs the nation's premiere liberal rating system, awarded Dole a zero for 1985, with a career rating of 11. *Congressional Quarterly* assessed individual senators' support of Ronald Reagan and assigned Dole the highest rating recorded, 92 per cent. Yet, in becoming Mr. Conservative, Dole curiously has not alienated any of the brethren. *Washingtonian* magazine conducted a "Best and Worst" poll (published in July) of all 535 press secretaries in the Senate and House, who reported that in their judgment the "Best Leader" was, you guessed it, Bob Dole. —CATO

know it they'll be legalizing the ownership of Bibles and reopening churches and mosques. Then a People for the Albanian Way will need to be set up to restore the status quo ante, in which the innocent were protected from state support for religion.

☐ Colonel Qaddafi is reportedly coming out of his post-raidal depression and starting to stir up new mischief. Time to start planning another raid.

☐ More malaise in the Ivy League. Harvard Law School, once the most prestigious of American professional institutions, has been able to recruit only one tenured faculty member in five years. Meanwhile, half a dozen incumbents are seriously considering other offers. The reason: the "legal deconstructionist" movement known as Critical Legal Studies (CLS), a far-out hash of Marx and Jacques Derrida, the post-structuralist literary critic. Although the majority of professors and students are lukewarm on CLS, its often disruptive tactics have really stirred things up. Some professors have begun avoiding faculty meetings to escape having to argue with the CLS agenda, while one student complains that Duncan Kennedy—the acknowledged head of CLS—uses basically the same syllabus for contracts, torts, and property classes. CLS is far more than just the standard leftist critique of the law as a tool of capitalist exploitation; Kennedy calls for sweeping administrative changes, such as admitting students by lottery, eliminating grades as a criterion for *Law Review*, and forcing professors and support staff (such as janitors and secretaries) to exchange places for one month every year. (Come to think of it, that last bit is a terrific idea.)

☐ Concerned about world peace? Child's play, according to the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi: All you need is "yogic flying" (and we thought it was love, but then fashions change). Explains His Holiness: "At the moment of maximum coherence in brain-wave activity . . . the body lifts up and begins to hop." It's the hopping that does the trick, apparently. Mr. Yogi

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wants to set up a World Peace Fund of $100 million so that a group of seven thousand experts can blissfully hop away round the clock. "The positivity generated through [their] efforts . . . will transform strife into peace on the international level." Is SDI now obsolete?

☐ For tablet keepers of liability-law stupidities, we may have hit bottom (but don't count on it) with the case of a Delaware lady who claimed her ability to conduct séances and foretell the future was damaged by a CAT scan. The jury was instructed not to consider her claims of psychic powers; nevertheless that one cost Temple University a cool million.

☐ It's a mad world: Police in Miami arrested two men who appeared to be engaged in a drug transaction. But the dealer had sold the buyer phony cocaine—which was paid for in counterfeit money. . . . Upon discovery of a suspicious package aboard a TWA flight, the plane was brought down for an emergency landing in Kansas, where the parcel was taken off and blown up. On examining the debris, bomb-squad police determined that it consisted of some soiled diapers stuffed inside a couple of airsick bags. . . . Police in Radnor, Pennsylvania, may have violated the rights of a suspect by attaching a metal colander to his head and connecting the colander to an office photocopier with metal wires. A message reading "HE'S LYING" was placed in the copying machine. Each time the interrogators got an answer they didn't trust, they pushed the copy button—and out would come the message. Convinced the jerry-rigged polygraph was accurate, the suspect confessed.

☐ This week's best Beadle Bumble is provided by city councilman Walter Dziedzic of Minneapolis, who, when his opponent, Mr. George Belair, 71, served some elderly voters $31 worth of Twinkies, Ho-Hos, and coffee, instituted charges for violating the Fair Campaign Practices Act of 1893, which act prohibits candidates from offering "any meat, drink, or other entertainment or provisions," and how on earth can Twinkies and Ho-Hos qualify?, whereupon Mr. Belair not only got drubbed in the election but faced time in the slammer, said indictment, we can cheerfully report, now dismissed by a surviving sensible court, but if there were any real justice in the affairs of men, Mr. Dziedzic would be sentenced to Twinkies and Ho-Hos three times a day for life; and we would happily finance it if our Beadle Bumble fund had not been depleted by far too many cases of the sort.

☐ The Chinese honored a gent for perfecting a rat poison made of natural herbs and spices, superseding the previous Chinese award for the previous solution to the rat problem, eating them.

☐ Fidel Castro, philanthropist, has donated two crocodiles to a zoo in Spain. We're surprised he could spare any from his moats.

An Inauspicious Beginning

United Auto Workers
  Hold their collective nose
As, snookered by LaRoucheites
  And panned by party pros,
Adlai surveys the wreckage
  From darkest Illinois
While "Big Jim" Thompson savors
  The plight of daddy's boy.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Anti-Apartheid Rumble

PRESIDENT REAGAN'S address to the nation on South Africa took a two-track approach to the problem. The track that made the headlines was his rejection of economic warfare. Agreeing with Margaret Thatcher, Reagan urged Congress and Western Europe to "resist this emotional clamor for punitive sanctions." His reasoning was straightforward and correct: Those who would be most punished by crippling the South African economy would be blacks—not only in South Africa, but in the whole southern sector of the continent. "Western nations have poured billions in foreign aid and investment loans into southern Africa. Does it make sense to aid these countries with one hand and with the other to smash the industrial engine on which their future depends?" He quoted anti-apartheid author Alan Paton: " 'I will not help to cause any such suffering to any black person.' Nor will we."

This track of Reagan's address was greeted everywhere from the hard Left to the squishy Right with scorn and skepticism. Bishop Tutu called Reagan "the pits" and the speech "nauseating." But even Senator Richard Lugar, Republican chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, said "the President needs to do more," and suggested a bill banning the issuance of visas to South African travelers and landing rights for South African airplanes.

The irony is that the President, even while he rejected the Left's immediate political program, in large measure adopted its rhetorical agenda. This was the second track of the speech. "The United States cannot maintain cordial relations" with a state founded upon apartheid. "If South Africa wishes to belong to the family of Western nations, an end to apartheid is a precondition." In the short run, this translated into a list of American demands upon South Africa (which

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Dim Prospects for SDI

SINCE 1984, when President Reagan first gave the go-ahead to the newly formed SDI research-and-development team, great technical progress has been made. These developments have outstripped the predictions of the Fletcher panel on defensive technologies that reported to the President two years ago.

Leading the pack of new technologies are the free-electron laser, which has already been tested at peak powers of one billion watts, and the neutral-particle beam, which may be the single most important program in SDI. It fires a beam of fast-moving atomic particles at the oncoming warhead. The beam goes clean through the warhead, scrambling its electronics so that the nuclear weapon inside it cannot explode.

Progress is so rapid that the SDI team plans to test a neutral-particle beam in space in 1990. Neutral-particle-beam generators could be in orbit and protecting America against Soviet missiles later in that decade. There is no countermeasure against the neutral-particle beam. It would make the Soviet missile arsenal useless—both the fourth-generation missiles the Soviets installed after they signed SALT II, and the deadly fifth-generation missiles they are now installing.

Nevertheless, it looks as if SDI will be dead by the time President Reagan leaves office. People who don't agree with the President on SDI remain indifferent to its technical successes. Some of these people are in his own Administration. They have devised subtle and ingenious ways to kill the program.

Their first target is the ATBM or anti-tactical ballistic missile, an application of SDI to the defense of Europe. Because defending Europe against Soviet medium- and short-range missiles is easier than defending the U.S. against the long-range Soviet ICBMs, ATBM could be deployed in the near term, perhaps in five to seven years, using unexotic, little more than off-the-shelf technology. ATBM is a half-step toward a full defense of the United States, which is why SDI opponents are determined to delay it. As a justification for accepting Soviet-requested restrictions or slowdowns in SDI research, the President has been told that SDI won't lead to anything useful for 15 to twenty years: That makes it easier to accept a delay now. ATBM reveals the falseness of this advice. It

Reagan called "necessary components of progress toward political peace"), including the release of Nelson Mandela and the unbanning of "black political movements"—among them, presumably, the ANC.

Apartheid is wrong. But we all *know* that. What we all don't seem to know is that the only force that can replace it with something better—not just erect a new tyranny in its place—is the moral impulse of the West.

South Africa, for better and for worse, is part of the West—not at some hypothetical future date, but now. All the good features that the regime has ever enjoyed—free press and free elections, at least for the elite minority; a moderately independent judiciary; the booming economy Reagan cited—are the result of Western traditions and institutions. All the reforms the Botha government has introduced—legalized black labor unions, the end of the pass laws—spring from the same source. They do not exist in the Communist world, or in the Third World, except as colonial holdovers. They would vanish entirely on the coming to power of Nelson Mandela—or even, perhaps, of Bishop Tutu ("the West," said Tutu, "for my part, can go to hell").

South Africa was never the most rotten apple in the world's barrel, and the West should applaud its relative restraint, not be defensive about it. Maybe the best that President Reagan could do would be to lay off the subject for a while—and advise the rest of the world to lay off it too.

Necklace

THE PRETTY NOUN "necklace" has become an ugly verb: meaning to fill a tire with gasoline or kerosene, put it around the neck of a bound victim, and set it afire so that he—or she, in some cases—burns to death. Necklacing has, of course, become standard practice in South Africa, where black radicals do it to other blacks suspected of co-operating with the white government. You may have seen TV footage of such events, and of the mobs who shout, chant, and dance gleefully during the victim's agony.

Such behavior used to be associated with the Ku Klux Klan at its worst. It might be expected to estrange American liberals and black spokesmen from a cause they feel immediate sympathy with. And as a distinguished foreign-policy analyst remarked recently, "Imagine the reaction if the Contras did that."

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proves that SDI is producing useful results for the near term. Forces within the Administration are trying to keep that fact from the President.

Another important goal of SDI foes is the proposed five-year extension of the ABM treaty, which will otherwise expire next year. A five-year extension means keeping the treaty in force until 1992. Since the U.S. couldn't produce a strategic defense before then, President Reagan is being told, a five-year extension would not be much to give up in return for a big Soviet reduction in offensive nuclear weapons. What isn't being emphasized is that Department of Defense regulations forbid initiating a program which, when brought to fruition, would violate an arms-control treaty. A five-year extension would mean not only that we could not deploy for five more years but that we *couldn't get any closer to deployment* for five years. Research on twenty-first-century defenses would continue, but all the work leading to a near-term defense would be put on the shelf.

A five-year extension of the ABM treaty would stop SDI cold. In 1992, the SDI team would still be several years away from the results needed to make a decision on deployment. Add five to ten years to that —for the time needed to build and deploy—and we are well into the next century. Congressmen call that: "Research forever and deploy never." It is a sure way to kill congressional support for SDI. A five-year extension of the ABM treaty is a device of the President's opponents—and some of his supporters—for making sure that SDI dies after he leaves office.

Finally, another fact that is being kept from the President is the destructiveness of the recent cuts in the SDI budget. The Administration asked for $4.8 billion. The congressional Armed Services Committees came up with between $3.4 billion and $3.6 billion. A cut to those levels would be lethal, because it would mean long delays in testing the equipment needed for the defense against Soviet missiles in Europe and for our own decision on early deployment. Without these tests of the actual "smart bullets" that make the kill, and the "eyes and ears" of the system that tell the smart bullets where the warheads are, we can't get out of the research stage and start to cut metal. "Research forever, deploy never."

The most important SDI test coming up in the near future involves the AOA, an aircraft like an upgraded AWACs. The AOA detects a Soviet warhead as it approaches our territory, tracks it, and then hands over the information to a smart bullet that steers itself toward the warhead and destroys it. AOA would be the heart of the European allies' defense against Soviet missiles. It is not within their capability right now. Either they get this technology from us, or they will have no effective defense.

The AOA test and related SDI tests of radars and smart bullets are the key to deployment of a missile defense in this century. That is why opponents of SDI have pegged the budget at a level that precludes these tests. Putting a ceiling of $3.4 to $3.6 billion on the SDI budget is a way of seeming to vote for the program while actually killing it. —ROBERT JASTROW

Exactly. Murkily alleged atrocities committed by the Nicaraguan anti-Communists are cited by liberals as disqualifying their cause for American moral and material support. Vividly bestial atrocities committed by South African rebels only seem to inflame liberals' sympathies all the more. Their scruples about means depend entirely on whose ends are at stake.

Summitry Circus

THE GRAND summitry circus has come to Washington again, a three-ring foreign-policy extravaganza billed as "The Showiest Greats on Earth."

In ring one is the Fabulous Time Warp Show. Summitry fever has swept Washington back to the year 1972. Richard Nixon visits Moscow, and the press buzzes with speculation about whom he saw and what they said. The phrase "window of . . ." suddenly refers to opportunity and not vulnerability. The New Look of Détente suggests we have learned little from the USSR's rampages in the Third World in the 1970s or its flagrant treaty violations in the 1980s, both of which demonstrated the true value of parchment peace with Moscow.

But if ring one is too dismally nostalgic, try ring two: Martial Arts of the Highest Rank. Weinberger throws Shultz onto the mat, and Shultz counters with "what every bureaucratic black belt knows is the critical move" (Leslie Gelb, *New York Times*, July 21). Throwing his weight behind the President, Shultz persuades the normally pro-Weinberger Reagan to speak more positively about Soviet proposals. Jim Baker at Treasury stands behind Weinberger "to placate the Republican right wing" (the imaginative Gelb again), when suddenly National Security Advisor John Poindexter switches allegiance to Shultz, making possible a summitry comeback. (Fortunately for the good guys, Weinberger enjoys the support of Richard Perle, Washington's most consistently sensible thinker on arms control.)

The Martial Arts Show would be hilariously good fun, were it not that this is the foreign policy of the United States, and the very serious issue being fought over is whether the nation is prepared to negotiate away strategic defenses for a dubious commitment by the Soviets to reduce their ICBM force. It is time the President imposed some order on the fray.

Speaking of the President, welcome to ring three, where important things disappear like magic. The Pres-

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New Faces

Lee Iacocca could, some say,
Sell seaweed to a castaway,
Lace panties to a cloistered nun
Or voodoo to a hot cross bun.
I know he sold the Democrats
On helping Chrysler fix its flats,
But that's the sort of salesman's scoop
That landed Britain in the soup.

W. H. VON DREELE

ident makes an unequivocal commitment in his July 12 radio address that he will never under any circumstances bargain away SDI; less than a week later, an official White House memorandum proposes to do just that. The Soviets too can make things disappear —witness their Vanishing Concession Act, in which public hints of niceness evaporate when the real bargaining begins.

President Reagan entered office with a dim view of the value of summitry and a set of clearly articulated principles about sound arms-control policy: discretion in negotiations, reciprocity, adequate verification, and complete compliance. The President's ultimate reputation will depend not on signing an arms-control agreement, but on defending the national interest of the United States. The circus should be shut down.

Gramm-Rudman, Cont'd

DESPITE THE Supreme Court ruling on Gramm-Rudman-Hollings, nothing much has changed. The Court ruled on very narrow and technical grounds that one feature of the spending-cut mechanism was constitutionally flawed. Legal Seminar Time. The Court held that since Congress can fire the Comptroller General—which it has never even thought of doing—he is therefore part of the legislative branch and—wake up, don't nod—therefore cannot be assigned an executive function. To do so, as GRH did, would violate the separation of powers.

Good, correct legal thinking—but a political snore. In Utopia, Congress would conform to the original concept of limited government and, exercising stern republican virtue, would raise the money to pay its limited bills. In the real world, government is not limited, or is limited only in the sense that a donkey hesitates when struck on the forehead with a two-by-four. Congress is too weak as an institution to say no to the myriad powerful interests, from cheese to bogus educationists to the Sergeant York anti-aircraft weapon. And so Congress designed Gramm-Rudman-Hollings to say no in its place ("We would love to buy another billion barrels of cheese, but, shucks, it's against the law").

Liberals like Edward Kennedy and Gary Hart are weeping in print about patching up the constitutionality of GRH. They mean to signal their handout constituencies that they want the spigot to remain open.

It will not. The constitutionality will be saved by a backup mechanism designed by the diabolical Phil Gramm, under which—instead of the proscribed Comptroller—the Office of Management and Budget and the Congressional Budget Office would each come up with a deficit projection. If the two projections differed, they would be averaged. Congress would then certify the existence of the deficit—whoopee—and the mandated spending cuts would go into effect. Since Congress has already overwhelmingly endorsed the original Gramm-Rudman-Hollings, it can hardly balk at the technical adjustments needed to make it constitutionally pure.

The Road to Pakistan

NO COUNTRY in the world has done more, or risked more, to resist Soviet aggression than Pakistan over the past five years. By providing a sanctuary for the Afghan resistance and a conduit for clandestine arms shipments from the United States, China,. and elsewhere, Pakistan has kept the Afghan nation alive, giving its beleaguered people a small measure of hope for a free future. While bearing the burden of millions of Afghan refugees, Pakistan has placed its own security on the line by standing up to mounting pressures and threats from its superpower neighbor to the north.

The Soviets have sent Islamabad a sternly worded warning: Stop supporting the Afghan resistance. Not the first such warning from Moscow, but this one has a new twist: Pakistan's alleged capacity to produce nuclear weapons is a threat to the southern part of the USSR to which the Soviets "could not be indifferent." (It was an ostensible threat to its southern border that the USSR used as an excuse to invade Afghanistan in 1979.)

Gorbachev has been bullying Pakistan ever since he assumed power. It began at Chernenko's funeral, when Gorbachev rudely warned President Zia to keep out of Afghanistan's affairs or face serious consequences. Understandably miffed by Gorbachev's posing as a defender of Afghan sovereignty, Zia returned home proclaiming his determination to continue allowing arms to reach the Afghan resistance.

Gorbachev followed a few months later with a major military offensive in which Soviet troops in Afghanistan for the first time swept along Pakistan's western border, cutting off resistance forces from their supply lines, followed by dozens of violations of Pakistani air space. This year the USSR began another offensive in eastern Afghanistan, with further cross-

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border incursions. The Soviets have also fostered separatist sentiment among the Baluchi populations of Afghanistan and Iran, laying the groundwork for the eventual declaration of an independent, pro-Soviet Baluchistan that would give Moscow its long-sought access to the warm-water ports of the Persian Gulf.

So long as President Reagan is in the White House, Moscow is unlikely to take any drastic steps vis-à-vis Pakistan. But if he should be succeeded by a weaker man, we may begin to witness mounting Soviet pressures and new destabilizing tactics. The USSR did not invade Afghanistan in order to stop three hundred miles short of the Persian Gulf.

Bolivia and the Home Front

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY saw the Opium Wars. The twentieth is seeing the Cocaine Wars, or at least the cocaine skirmishes. The participation of American helicopters and soldiers in a Bolivian drug sweep is not the first instance of military law enforcement—our Air Force has helped the police of Colombia and the Bahamas in similar ventures—nor, given the Administration's strong backing, is it likely to be the last.

The Administration's rationale for deploying the armed forces was national security: The drug traffic corrupts the police and judges of allied governments, and hence destabilizes them. In the abstract, the argument is absurdly elastic and could be used to justify sending the Marines to run everything from Mexican elections to the Nigerian oil industry. Where drug-related corruption is concerned, the military is an instrument that is both blunt and weak. Unless the Black Hawk helicopters are stationed in Bolivia indefinitely, what is to prevent the drug labs from springing up again next year? The easiest way to shrink the pockets of the corrupters is to slash their profits, and the way to do that is by making coke legal in the United States—though this is hardly on Reagan's agenda.

What is on Reagan's agenda is not good government in La Paz, but controlling drug abuse at home. In this respect, the Bolivian operation suffers from the same basic difficulty that has bedeviled all our anti-drug efforts over the years.

The key to the drug plague is demand, yet we focus our attention on supply. The stuff swarms over the borders and sweeps onto the streets because people want it and are willing to pay top dollar—often, dollars acquired through mugging and burglary—to destroy themselves.

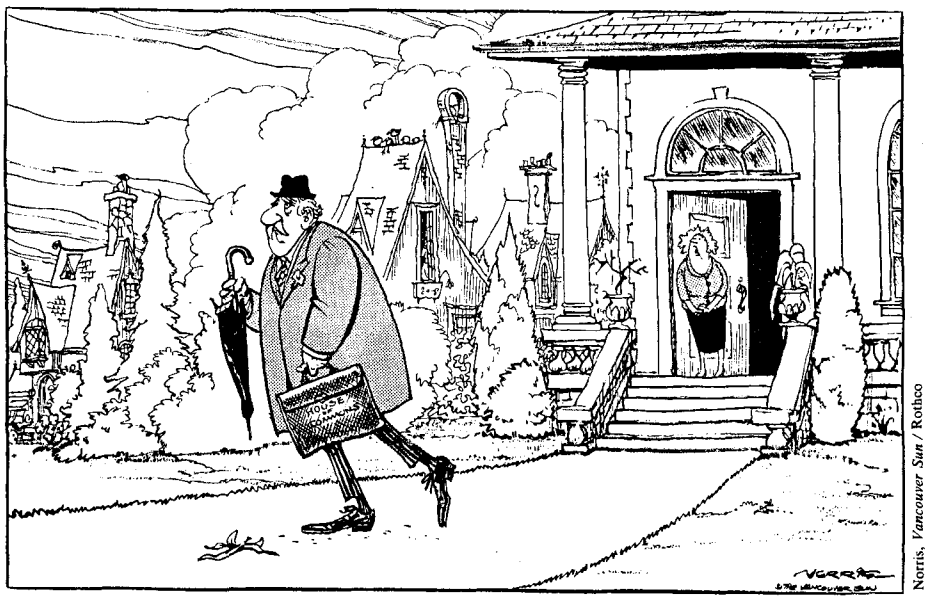
The demand will never go away entirely, even as the demand for alcohol could not be made to go away. But control of demand—self-control—is where the battle against drugs will be won. Private sanction must carry a large share of the burden. A society that reacts hysterically to the suggestion that colleges deal sternly with druggie students is not going to profit from troops in Bolivia.

Compliance and Defiance

OUR FRIEND Michael Novak, chief American delegate at the recent Helsinki follow-up talks at Bern, did his eloquent best to show that the Soviets have failed to abide by the treaty's human-rights provisions. With special emphasis on the right of emigration and on permitting family contacts across the Iron Curtain, he called for "not more documents but more compliance." In the end he refused, on behalf of the United States, to sign a bland statement of consensus among the conferees.

We applaud. The U.S. Helsinki Watch Committee reports that of the hundred or so people who dared act as Helsinki monitors within the Soviet bloc, 51 are now in prisons, labor camps, or "psychiatric hospitals"; twenty others have completed sentences; 17 have emigrated to the West; and four have died while serving sentences. (Another died in a fishy car accident.)

The Soviets plainly never had any intention of complying. The nature of a Communist regime makes compliance inherently impossible. And the Soviets are obviously willing to absorb the marginal bad publicity over their refusal to comply.



Norris, *Vancouver Sun* / Rothco

"Bye, dear. Have a nice day despite being a member of the Tory Government."

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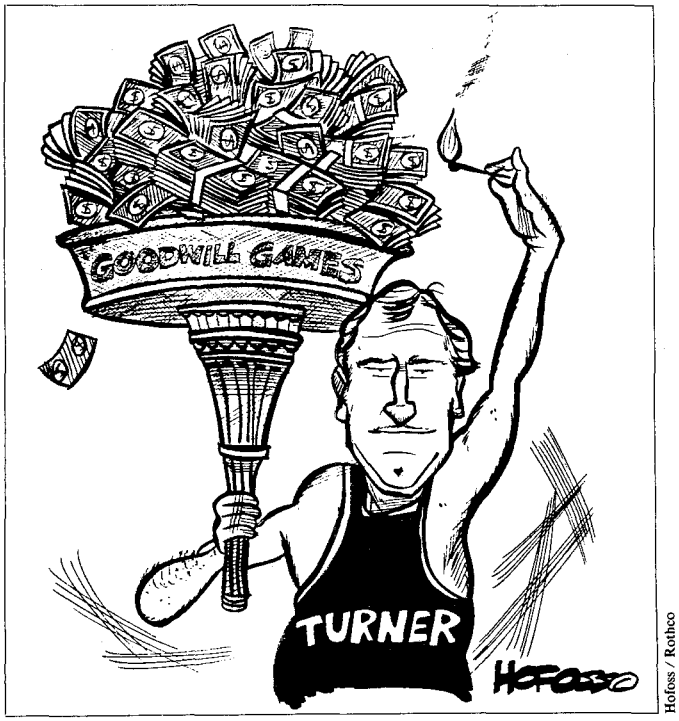
The lesson is one the West shouldn't have had to learn again: You can't trust Communists. The United States should declare the treaty void by reason of Soviet abrogation. Then it should announce that it withdraws recognition of Soviet hegemony in Eastern Europe, and call loudly for independence for the Captive Nations, not because those nations will gain freedom soon, but because the Soviets will lose legitimacy at once. The Soviets still won't be paying much for their treaty violations, but at least the West will stop paying for keeping its word.

The Big AIDS Con Job

WE ARE loudly informed, officially, that the nation's blood-bank supplies are safer than ever. Meanwhile, some physicians are advising patients contemplating elective surgery to build up a supply of their own blood for transfusion. Since 1981, 414 Americans have developed fatal cases of AIDS after receiving contaminated blood transfusions, and up to seven hundred more in New York alone may have been fatally infected. Yeah, the nation's blood banks are safer than ever. Dengue fever is down.

We are loudly informed, officially, that AIDS can be contracted only through "exchange of bodily fluids," through "intimate sexual contact." Great. But the virus has turned up in saliva and in tears, and the actors' unions have negotiated an end to big kissing scenes on tube and screen. Nevertheless, in many parts of the country AIDS patients are acquiring a legal right to access to workplace and classroom. By the year 1990, absent a cure, some 250,000 Americans are expected to die of AIDS.



Hofoss / Rothco

Now comes *Newsweek* with what in many respects is a brilliant piece on AIDS, focused on a heroic doctor in the Bronx named Gerald Friedland who is in the front lines of AIDS treatment. There's a funny thing about the article, however. With one exception —a gay male named Robert—all of the AIDS patients described in any detail are heterosexual, with a needle usually in the background. The ratio is about a dozen heterosexuals to one gay. *Newsweek* apparently intended to convey the impression that this ratio represents reality.

What appears to be going on is a great coverup, cleanup. *Newsweek* is industriously trying to put distance between AIDS and homosexuality, whatever the facts in the matter. AIDS is being accorded victim status, as if it were analogous to racial discrimination rather than a public-health problem. The unknowns about the transmission of the disease are, to say the least, not being stressed.

Newsweek and the rest of the culture appear to be engaging in a sort of homosexual-protection operation, shielding gay sex from connection with the epidemic. Why? Everyone knows the facts.

Le Duan, RIP

THE FATHER of the boat people died last week in Hanoi.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have invented two words for you to add to your vocabulary. If you use them you are guaranteed to seem both intelligent and unintelligible: **Babiferous:** *adj.*—like an infant. **Indereligualism:** *n.*—I have no idea what this is, but I think the ACLU is in favor of it.

Hope you like them.

Sincerely,
Fred "Funnytoons" Stesney
Van Nuys, Calif.

Dear Funnytoons: No. Indereligualism, no matter how sophisticated the case for it, is in flagrant violation of the Separation Clause. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I read with interest your recent column where you seemed to express some reservations as to the value to be gained during an exchange-student program with the Soviet Union.

I would say that there are some historical precedents that seem definitely to render suspect the civilizing ef-

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fect of an American education. Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, who was the architect and leader of the attack on Pearl Harbor, attended Princeton, as did Rear Admiral Tamon Yamaguchi, who was the commander of the aircraft carriers *Soryu* and *Hiryu*, which participated in that battle. No Yalies have surfaced . . . yet.

Sincerely,
Paul Z. Fletcher
Ponte Vedra Beach, Fla.

Dear Mr. Fletcher: While we agree, you are committing the fallacy of division. (The school board is rich. Johnson is a member of the school board. Therefore Johnson is rich.) Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I'm surprised at you! Imagine, fibbing to your *Firing Line* home audience. I refer to the opening statement on today's program, wherein you said, "A few weeks ago, we inquired into Mortimer Adler's program, *The Pursuit of Knowledge throughout One's Lifetime*." Was it, in fact, a few *weeks* ago, or did you mean to say a few *minutes* ago? It seems that when I replayed my videocassette of the earlier show involving Mr. Adler, I noticed several interesting similarities: a) On both the older show and the one broadcast today, you, Mr. Adler, and examiner Botstein wear the same clothes, save for Mr. Adler's necktie (changed, perhaps, as a diversionary tactic?). b) The members of the studio audience, thanked by you on both shows as the Retired Senior Volunteer Program, haven't changed their clothes, either, nor have they changed seats.

Come now, Mr. B., you can't pull the wool over the eyes of your ardent admirers. The two programs featuring Mortimer Adler were taped back to back and made to look as if they took place on two separate days. Such astute observers your followers learn to be! Blackford would be proud of me, no?

Yours truly,
Thomas J. Brennan
Knoxville, Tenn.

P.S.: I considered it a "Bonafide Buckley Bonanza" when, between noontime Sunday, April 20, and midnight Monday, April 21, you appeared on *Crossfire*, *The Larry King Show*, and *Firing Line*.

Dear Mr. Brennan: Hah! We knew someone would bite! The "second" hour was actually filmed a year after the first hour, with archaeological attention given to re-creating exact detail. Hope you noticed that the cigarette smoke was exactly of the same texture as the first year's, even though the FDA had in between insisted on a further leavening of cigarette tobacco. Accomplished how? By trapping the first year's smoke, sticking it in a bottle, and keeping it in reserve. Thanks for confirming our impression that it *could* be done! Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Perhaps other readers of your journal, which, some years back, enlightened us to the effect that "détente" meant "the trigger of a gun," might be interested in the actual meaning of the name of a certain Libyan gentleman of recent notoriety.

It turns out that the Arabic root *qaf-dhal-fa* (where *qaf* is a choking "k" sound and *dhal* is our "th" as in "this") has the meaning "to attack someone by throwing something." In answer to the question *Mā ʿamala ʿr-ra' īsu Rayghān?* ("What did President Reagan do?"), a sentence may be constructed entirely out of derivatives of this root, viz. *Qadhafa bi-qādhifāt, wa-bi-qadhā'if, ʿala-l-Qadhdhāfiyy* ("He launched an attack with bombers, and missiles, at Qaddafi").

The Mad Dog's name consists of a suffix meaning "related to" attached to a noun form, indicating an agent or profession, built on this root, thus proclaiming that he "belongs to someone in the business of using missiles offensively." And that's just a fancy way of saying, "Soviet client."

Yours,
Jerome S. Colburn
Champaign, Ill.

Dear Mr. Colburn: Right, right, just as we were saying to Bryant Gumbel the other day. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Bill:

It is very true that the Duchess of Windsor managed to lead her life with great dignity and restraint in spite of a frequently nasty if not vitriolic press, especially in Britain. She had, nevertheless, quick wit and a sense for the absurd, which she could not allow to bubble forth in public life, but which instead she lavished on her old friends. Many years ago a dear old lady in Newport (where Mrs. Simpson had lived prior to meeting the King) told me of a phone conversation with the Duchess, who was staying at the Waldorf on one of her visits to the U.S. shortly after the Second World War:

"Wally, I will be in New York next week and thought it would be fun to have lunch together."

"Yes, darling, what a lovely idea! Let me look at my shedule."

"Come on now, Wally, you know perfectly well the word is pronounced *skedule*."

"Oh skit, great shott, you're right—we're *home*."

Anybody who could toss off instant pearls like these deserves forever a special place in our memory.

Cordially,
Hans [van Wouw-Koeleman]
Portland, Ore.

—WFB

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LEE FEELS A DRAFT

"IF YOU CAN find a better candidate," the trench-coated symbol of the American Dream says from the TV screen, "vote for him."

That's what this son of Italian immigrants, crack automotive CEO, inventor of the Mustang, savior of the Statue of Liberty, and best-selling autobiographer will soon be saying if some tenacious Democratic drafters have their way. This hardy band wants to do for Lee Iacocca what Republicans did for non-politician Dwight Eisenhower in 1952. "It's our job to have the American people convince him to run," says Terry Schmidt, head of the Draft Iacocca Committee.

Washington pundits believe that Schmidt & Co. have their work cut out for them. "Draft days are over," says an influential liberal Hill Democrat. "This is a wild crapshoot." The draft team itself is what gives the effort its minimal credibility: Greg Schneiders (former aide to President Carter and to 1984 candidate John Glenn), Terry O'Connell (former DNC political director), David Ifshin (Walter Mondale's chief counsel in 1984), Morley Winograd (party rules expert), Michigan Democratic State Representative Richard Fitzpatrick (originator of the draft idea), and Schmidt (an experienced management expert).

Draft organizers admit their task is formidable, starting with the technical hurdles. "Running for President is professional terrain," says a Democratic analyst. "You don't just walk in like Willkie and claim popularity." Just the task of determining how to get Iacocca on primary ballots has kept drafters busy considering the options: mounting a write-in campaign; lining up favorite sons to pledge delegates (none contacted so far); using a national surrogate to pledge delegates; and running uncommitted slates. As for budget, the drafters won't do any real fundraising without a nod from Iacocca. To date, they have collected a paltry $30,000, of which $20,000 has been expended on a rules study.

Polls keep Iacocca organizers revved up. *Metropolitan Detroit* magazine, for example, conducted a nationwide cross-sectional survey in early summer that showed that if the Chrysler chairman ran for President as a Democrat, he would easily defeat either Vice President George Bush or Congressman Jack Kemp (R., N.Y.). Iacocca also polled much higher than Mario Cuomo, Democratic Governor of New York. Other surveys reveal that an incredible 95 per cent of respondents view Iacocca positively.

Schneiders sums up Iacocca's "unique strengths": 1) *Outsiderliness.* Both Carter and Reagan ran against Washington. Iacocca is positioned to do the same, writing in his autobiography: "Our national leadership consists of too many lawyers and not enough people from business." 2) *National Mood.* Voters in 1988 will be looking for a Reaganesque figure, one who transcends ideology, party, geography. The time will be ripe for aggressive leadership, such as Iacocca displayed both as CEO and as Statue of Liberty rejuvenator. 3) *Credibility.* Polls show that voters already regard Iacocca as presidential timber, thus putting him beyond most would-be candidates. 4) *Demographics.* With rapport in the South and a life spent in the Rustbelt, Iacocca also has the Middle American appeal of being a hard-headed businessman. The Chrysler bailout endeared him both to business and to labor, and his dramatic repayment of that loan extended his appeal across the board. 5) *Fundraising.* The prospects are awesome: a direct-mail solicitation to the two and a half million people who have paid $20 to buy his book, plus the Chrysler dealership network, plus the tens of thousands who have written and urged him to run.

On the minus side, Iacocca has no experience in government or in military affairs. "Polls mean nothing at this point," says a seasoned Washington political columnist. "It's only name ID. That same *Metropolitan Detroit* survey showed Teddy Kennedy beating Iacocca in a primary, and Kennedy would bomb in a general election." Iacocca's non-partisanship also cuts both ways. "When Iacocca holds a fundraiser for Bob Dole and co-chairs Carl Levin's campaign finance committee, he fuzzes his party identification to the point that the spear carriers won't line up behind him."

Iacocca also has age and issue problems, as some observers see it. "We have to look to the people who are 35 and under," says Mark Siegel, Democratic Party official and political consultant. "We have to leap the generation gap. Passing the torch to Lee Iacocca is not the right way." "How will he handle issues that he knows nothing about," asks a White House insider, "like abortion and AIDS?" All of which leads Vic Gold, columnist and counsel to George Bush, to conclude, "It's one thing to be a CEO. You can pound the table and say, 'Do this,' and 'Do that.' Politics is quite different." Despite his towering ego, Iacocca is shrewd enough to recognize this for himself. "I don't have the temperament for politics," he says.

THAT'S THE clincher reason why no one in Washington except the Draft Iacocca cadre takes his candidacy seriously. What insiders do expect from Lee is that if the Democrats win the White House in 1988, Iacocca will be available for a Cabinet post, for which he has been undisguisedly trolling. "I'd serve anybody. I'd serve Reagan," he says magnanimously. "I'd have served Calvin Coolidge if he gave me the right job: economic czar or something like that." Lee Iacocca, a patriot if there ever was one. A legend in his own mind. □

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CAPITAL BULLETINS

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

WHEN REPRESENTATIVE Toby Roth (R., Wis.) introduced a bill that would formally place Ethiopia on the U.S. Government's list of Communist nations, he didn't expect a lot of opposition. Colonel Mengistu Haile Mariam's brutal regime is openly allied with Moscow, and even the State Department's human-rights division calls Ethiopia Communist. Surprise. The legislation, passed unanimously out of the Africa Subcommittee on March 18, now languishes in the House Foreign Affairs Committee, thanks in part to Reagan Administration opposition.

It turns out the State Department is up to its usual tricks. But don't ever say the men of State are soft on Communism; they just think Roth's bill violates government etiquette. "We oppose the bill on general principle," a State Department official commented. "We don't like legislative intrusions into foreign policy—it's got nothing to do with Ethiopia in particular." An internal State Department memorandum originating in the African section hints of the ominous consequences of Roth's bill, which would strip Ethiopia of its most-favored-nation status, prevent the Export-Import Bank from offering the Ethiopian government subsidized loans, and require the Reagan Administration to consider (though not necessarily impose) other economic sanctions. The memo deplores the "severe implications of putting Ethiopia on the list of Communist countries," warning that adding Ethiopia to the list is a dangerous precedent under which "many nations throughout the world which are not deemed Communist under existing standards may also be so classified without due consideration."

Why can't State call a spade a spade? Jennifer White, minority counsel for the House Subcommittee on International Economics and Trade, thinks there's more than just routine turf-guarding at stake. "They're afraid," she says, "that people might start saying, 'Angola's Communist,' 'Nicaragua's Communist.' " Horrors.

—DAVID SCOTT COKER

TAKING ARMS

WHERE DO deficits come from? Congress, following the popular wisdom, points its finger at defense. The language of Gramm-Rudman, for example, makes the Pentagon absorb half the required budget cuts: "The amount to be sequestered is split fifty-fifty between defense and non-defense to achieve the deficit reduction specified."

In the Fifties and Sixties, when defense did eat up 50 per cent of the federal budget, that might have made sense. But defense's share of the budget has declined sharply in recent decades, plummeting to 23 per cent in 1980 and rising slightly to 27 per cent in 1985. (In case you just tuned in, that little upward blip at the bottom of the long slide in defense spending is called the American arms "boom" by the media.) To find the true culprit, let's take a look at two budgets (see chart). The first compares 1985 spending figures to those for 1960, when defense really was about 50 per cent of the budget. (Using almost any other base year from the 1950-1970 era of nearly balanced budgets gives a similar result.) The second chart shows what the 1985 federal budget would have looked like if over the past 25 years domestic spending had risen no faster than defense spending, thus maintaining that approximately fifty-fifty ratio. As the bottom line shows, if domestic spending had increased only as fast as defense spending, we would have had a 1985 budget *surplus* of $250 billion.

Guns don't bust budgets, people do.

—JAMES L. PAYNE

OFFENSIVE MEDICINE

WITH LITTLE public scrutiny, the Department of Health and Human Services, aided and abetted by President Reagan, may be about to lead the U.S. one more step down the road to socialized medicine. In his State of

Where the Money Is

THE DISMAL REALITY

Actual changes in defense and non-defense spending (in billions of dollars)

	1960	1985	
Defense Spending	48.1	252.7	(425% increase)
Non-Defense Spending	44.1	693.6	(1,473% increase)
Surplus/Deficit	+0.3	-212.2	

THE DREAM BUDGET

1985 budget if domestic spending had increased at the same rate as defense spending (in billions of dollars)

	1960	1985	
Defense Spending	48.1	252.7	(425% increase)
Non-Defense Spending	44.1	231.7	(425% increase)
Surplus/Deficit	+0.3	+249.7	

Source: *Historical Tables, Budget of the United States Government* (U.S. Government Printing Office, 1986)

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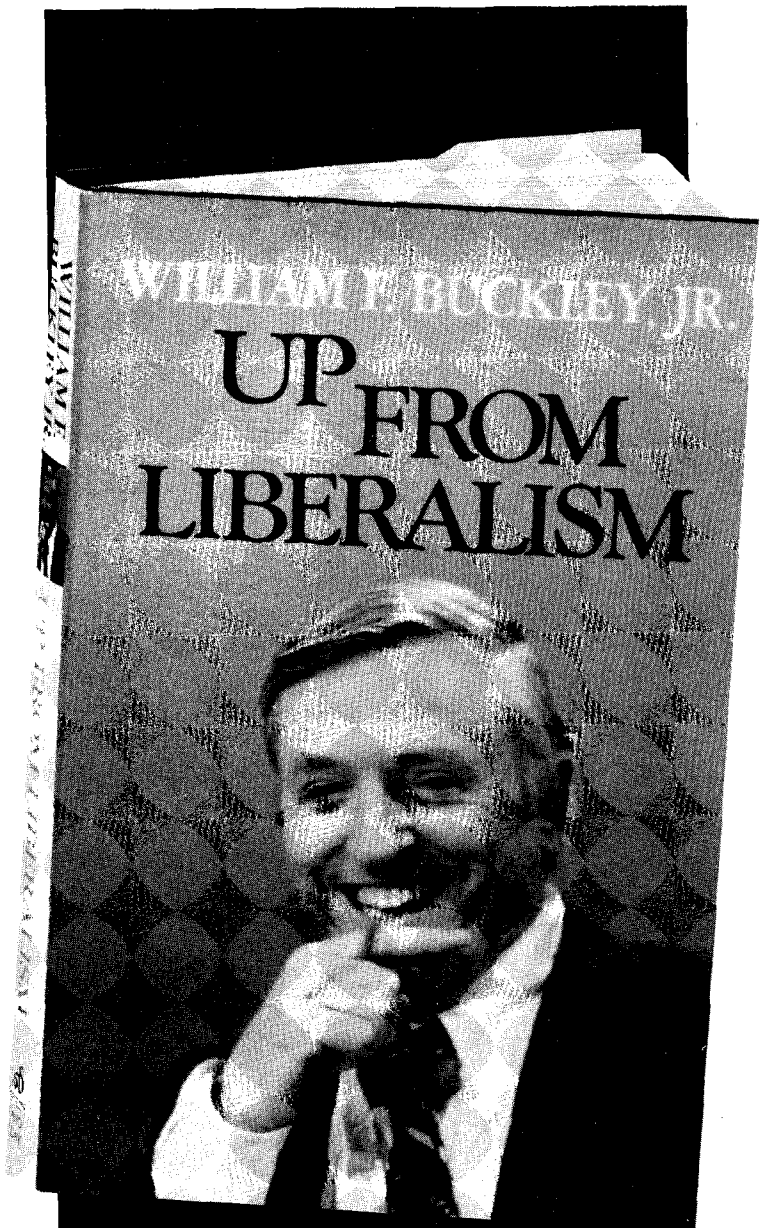

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the Union address this year, Reagan asked HHS Secretary Otis Bowen to study how "the private sector and government can work together" to address the problem of catastrophic-illness insurance. It now looks as if the result of such a government-industry partnership may be a Democratic-style big-spending boondoggle that would sabotage Reagan's goal of privatizing government functions.

A plan now circulating in HHS, drafted by Bowen's chief of staff, Thomas Burke, would expand Medicare coverage to catastrophic illness, driving private insurers out of the area almost completely. Right now, about 70 per cent of America's elderly have private coverage for catastrophic illness.

Burke and Bowen claim their plan would cost taxpayers nothing. The elderly would pay small monthly premiums to pay for the additional coverage. This, of course, begs the question. If payments by the elderly would be sufficient to cover the costs, why bring the government into the picture at all? Insuring paying customers is what insurance companies are in business for. In fact, there's good reason to believe the plan's proponents significantly underestimate the costs of the new program. More importantly, even if the plan started out costing nothing, the iron laws of politics would swiftly take over. As the population aged and the program expanded, costs would rise while political pressure would keep copayments low. With private insurers driven from the market, the elderly would become irrevocably dependent on the government, and the taxpayers would be left holding the bag.

Alert Capitol Hill watchers mounting a campaign against the new proposal include the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, Fred Smith's Competitive Enterprise Institute, Anthony Harrigan's U.S. Business and Industrial Council, New Right leader Connie Marshner, and attorney Peter Ferrara.

Burke shows little patience with conservative critics of his scheme. When Heritage Foundation President Ed Feulner and Heritage Domestic Policy Director Stuart Butler publicly opposed the plan, Burke vilified them in the pages of the *New York Times* as a bunch of "uninformed people on the ultra-right wing."

Burke set up an outside commission, devoid of conservatives, to study the problem. The commission plans to report its findings in October, in the closing weeks of the congressional campaign. The timing is strategic. If the President rejects the idea, he opens himself and Republican candidates to the charge he is "insensitive" to the needs of the elderly. You can almost hear the Claude Pepper Philharmonic Choir tuning up now.

—JOHN A. BARNES

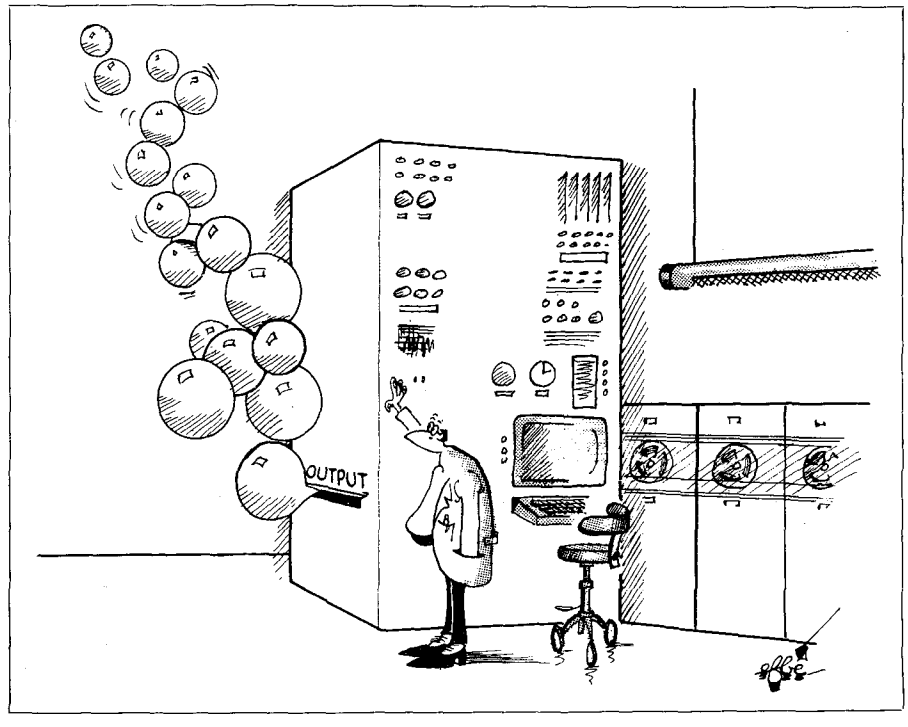
THE HARD SELL

IF THE Meese Commission really wants to crack down on pornography, maybe it should take a look at the dealings of the Small Business Administration. The SBA recently gave $65,000 to Show World, Inc., a Times Square porno business featuring live sex acts. The proprietor of a homosexual Turkish bath in Milwaukee milked the SBA to the tune of $3.4 million. Given that the SBA aids only two-tenths of 1 per cent of the nation's small businesses (and only 2 per cent of the 600,000 new small businesses started each year), it kind of makes you wonder about its priorities.

The Reagan Administration, concerned about the SBA's economic perversities, wants to give it the axe. With banks madly advertising credit to anyone who wants to buy a boat, build a house, or hang ten in Honolulu, the SBA's advocates can't show a shortage of capital for ventures likely to turn a profit. The unique purpose of SBA loans is to offer subsidized credit for bad business risks. Eighty per cent of SBA loan beneficiaries are repeat borrowers. Twenty per cent of the SBA's guaranteed loans are in default, and 35 per cent of its direct loans aren't current—for a total of $2.5 billion in bad debts. Good businessmen resent the government's doling out favors to their less efficient or less responsible competitors. Repeated polls by the National Federation of Independent Business show that a majority of the nation's 14 million small-businessmen would like to see the SBA eliminated.

At the White House's request, Representative David Dreier (R., Calif.) has introduced The Small Business Act of 1986 (HR-4621), which would transfer the SBA's loan portfolio to Treasury for liquidation and transfer the SBA's other functions to the Commerce Department. But, sensible though it is, no one expects the SBA bill to pass. "Congress has never abolished a federal program it has permanently created," writes Representative Dreier. Instead, conservative political strategists hope the bill will serve as a negotiating tool in the war to slash the SBA's funding during the budget reconciliation process. There's a lot to reconcile: For the SBA in fiscal 1987, Reagan budgeted $0. The House wants $5.3 billion.

—R. CORT KIRKWOOD



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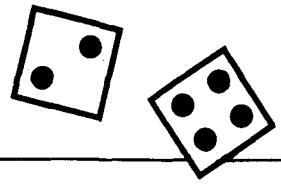
LAISSEZ LES BONS TEMPS ROULER

LOUISIANA IN ITS PRE-MODERN ERA



BEN C. TOLEDANO

VICTORIA ELAINE ("Vickie") Edwards Cormier was interviewed by *Baton Rouge* magazine last year, shortly before her father, three-time Louisiana governor Edwin W. Edwards, was indicted by a federal grand jury on racketeering and fraud charges. Vickie, a self-professed born-again Christian, was describing her father: "Who else can I compare my father to but Jesus Christ? They want to rid him of his popularity and power by creating fault on his part. . . . Like the Savior, my father is doing what is necessary to put the house back in order." People feel strongly about Edwin, though most, including the U.S. Attorney and the grand jury, don't see him quite the way Vickie does. He has been compared to Jean Lafitte, Huey Long, Harry Houdini, and Rudolph Valentino somewhat more often than he has been compared to Jesus Christ, though he has done fairly well in the miracle department.

Before his indictment in 1985, his conduct had been scrutinized over the years by nine other grand juries. He had escaped without a scratch. If that doesn't seem like much of a miracle in Louisiana, consider that since 1981 this once-poor boy, who has never had a serious career outside politics, paid casinos in Las Vegas and Lake Tahoe more than $3 million to cover gambling losses, the bulk of it in cash.

On February 28, 1985, Governor Edwards and seven of his relatives and associates were indicted for violations of the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act (RICO) and for wire fraud and mail fraud. A RICO conviction carries a maximum penalty of twenty years in prison and a $25,000 fine in addition to forfeiture of any money or goods acquired illegally. The indictment charged that Edwards was at the center of a conspiracy to manipulate for personal gain a federal program subsidizing hospitals that serve Medicare and Medicaid patients. In order to prevent health-care resources from being absorbed by a proliferation of unnecessary facilities, federal law requires hospitals or other facilities applying for such subsidies to obtain a state "certificate of need." In most states the process of granting a certificate of need is regulated by state laws setting forth explicit standards for approval. Louisiana has no such statutory standards. The only standards for certification are those written by a special committee appointed by the governor. Those standards are enforced by the secretary of the State Department of Health and Human Resources, also appointed by the governor.

The indictment charged that while Edwards was out of office (he took a mandatory term off between his second term, which ended in 1980, and his third, starting in 1984) he received a $2-million consulting fee from a corporation established for the purpose of obtaining approval for hospital and nursing-home projects. When he returned to office, Edwards caused his associates' projects to get a green light, and placed a moratorium on the construction of any other new health-care facilities in the state. As soon as the projects with which he had been linked were finally approved, the rights to build them were sold by Edwards's associates to large hospital chains for a huge profit.

Edwards admitted to having received the $2-million consulting fee. His defense was that his business dealings while out of office did not affect his decision as governor to have the projects approved. "Edwin's greatest strength and his greatest weakness is his ability to come within a millimeter of the law without breaking it," says Camille Gravel, one of the most loyal of Edwards's cadre of supporters, advisors, and attorneys.

AT ABOUT NINE in the morning on Monday, September 30, the governor, his family, his entourage, the other defendants, and their families and friends entered the courtroom. The "Cajun Prince," with his wife, Elaine, and their daughter Vickie, moved gracefully up the center aisle smiling, waving, solemnly shaking hands, and exchanging hugs and pats. "God bless, *cher*," said an Edwards admirer. "Give the odds, 15 to 1 in my favor," he wisecracked, forcing his trademark flippant smile. "I'm prayin' for ya, baby," promised another adoring supporter as the governor was gently but firmly led to the bar. Edwards is a difficult person not to look at, so meticulous, so physically neat and clean. Even those of his silver hairs which

Mr. Toledano has run, unsuccessfully, for mayor of New Orleans and U.S. senator from Louisiana, and has recently completed a political novel about New Orleans. He now lives in Charlottesville, Virginia, but returned home to watch the revels.

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seem awry are just where he wants them. His attire for the first day—navy blue suit, white shirt, and bright red necktie—was subdued for Edwards. He prefers pastels, and is most comfortable in powder-blue shantung.

The jurors entered the courtroom and marched to the jury box. Not one of the male jurors or alternates was wearing either a coat or a tie. "A perfect Edwards jury," one of the governor's lawyers had confided to me in private. And indeed it was: blue-collar, uneducated, poorly informed, and not easily shocked. During pre-trial examination, one juror said she hadn't known Edwards had been indicted until she got to court.

The same lawyer agreed that, in all probability, any of the jurors who had voted in the last gubernatorial election had gone for Edwards. There were five blacks on the jury; in 1983 over 90 per cent of black voters had voted for Edwards. A poll conducted after his indictment showed that nearly 60 per cent would do so again, and only 20 per cent definitely would not. One juror had a college degree—in public administration. She teaches in a day-care center. The others were waitresses, housewives, machine operators, maintenance workers, or unemployed.

For U.S. Attorney John Volz, the challenge would be to simplify some very complex transactions so the jurors would not be hopelessly overwhelmed by them. Volz told the jury, "This is not a complicated case." The defense lawyers told the jury, "This is a very complex case involving risk ventures and a lot of money honestly earned." The smart money said that the convertible shares, contracts, counter letters, percentages, fees, and dollars beyond the dreams of avarice would be too much for the jury to comprehend. As a well-regarded criminal defense lawyer said before the trial: "New Orleans and this whole area has to be one of the best places in the world to be tried on this kind of criminal offense."

After 13 weeks, including seven days of deliberation by the jury, Governor Edwards and four of his co-defendants wound up with a hung jury: a mistrial. (The charges against the other co-defendants were dismissed.) The votes were 11 to 1 for acquittal on one count and 10 to 2 for acquittal on the other fifty. In a press interview after the trial, juror Geneva Converse, a 51-year-old machine operator, described the defendants as "just a group of businessmen getting together to make money." One of her fellow jurors—a 21-year-old student, Ann Legauz—saw things in only a slightly different light. "It seemed like a legitimate business deal," she said; "it's politics." Miss Legauz didn't clarify.

U.S. Attorney Volz vowed to seek a new trial. In March of this year he got his wish. According to *Gris Gris* (a Baton Rouge monthly publication named after a voodoo charm used either to ward off or to inflict evil, and devoted to Louisiana politics and related cultural attractions), the second jury, made up of nine blacks and three whites, was even dearer to the hearts of the defendants than the first: "high on minorities and low on education." Only four of the jurors had received any formal education beyond high school; three never got past the eighth grade. John Hill, chief of Gannett News Service's State Capital Bureau, wrote, ". . . this crowd [the 44-member jury pool] makes the first jury look like a bunch of Rhodes scholars." When Hill asked the governor his evaluation of the jury finalists—who included "an admitted wife-beater, a shoplifter, and a man who pleaded no contest to negligent-homicide charges in Florida," Edwards responded, "A jury of my peers."

EDWIN WASHINGTON EDWARDS, the "Coonass Casanova," was born in rural Avoyelles Parish, the northernmost of the Acadian parishes, in 1927. Except for his paternal grandfather's side of the family, Edwards is a Cajun bayou boy. Like many other Louisiana farm boys, Edwards resolved at an early age to be a politician/lawyer and get rich, in that order, at least chronologically. A few years after his graduation from LSU law school, he ran for City Council in Crowley, Louisiana, and won. To the present day he has never lost an election. In 1964, he was elected to the State Senate, and in 1965, following the death of the incumbent congressman, he was elected to the U.S. House of Representatives. He was elected governor in 1971, 1975, and 1983. Republican David C. Treen, a lackluster, non-political Bob Cratchit, temporarily occupied the governor's mansion from 1980 to 1984, pending the expiration of Edwards's legally required vacation. With Treen frantically looking over his shoulder, Edwards campaigned for almost the entire term, taunting, feinting, and dancing as the inept Treen punched in the dark. Mercifully, the long-drawn-out slaughter ended on October 22, 1983. The final count: Edwards, 1,006,561 (62 per cent); Treen, 588,508 (36 per cent); seven also-rans, 21,836 (1 per cent). The cost in dollars: Edwards, $13 million; Treen, $6 million. Edwards had correctly predicted that unless he got caught in bed with "a dead girl or a live boy," he was a cinch to be re-elected.

To Edwards, gambling is life, whether the object of his immediate obsession is dice, women, or politics. He loves money as much as the next man, but differently from most. In a life of gaming, money is a toy; none of Edwards's toys hold his attention for long. Unlike many successful people who were born poor, he has made little effort to hang onto the riches he has managed to obtain. One suspects that deep down he wants to be poor again, and between the lawyers and the casinos he may well get his wish.

Although the specifics of Edwards's gambling escapades revealed in the first trial were a surprise to most Louisianians, the subject has been general knowledge for a long time. In 1977, Clyde Vidrine, the man who was then closest to Edwards both publicly and privately, gave a detailed, inside account of Edwards's lifestyle and political career. Unfortunately, all the sordid details were set forth in a book, *Just Takin' Orders*. What the late governor Earl Long said about one of the state's attorney generals might be said about Louisianians in general: If you want to hide anything from them, put it in a book.

On the other hand, putting it in a television mini-series probably wouldn't have made much difference. Louisiana voters may not be a prime advertisement for self-government, but they have one virtue: They don't require hypocrisy of their politicians. In a recent emotional plea to the state legislature to legalize casino gambling, Edwards may have set a record for sheer indifference to the power of political moralists: "I've read the Bible. This finger has been on every word in the New Testament at least one time. The word gamble is not in the Bible. . . . I don't

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understand this religious movement from some quarters about gambling. It's not specifically prohibited. I'll tell you what is specifically prohibited, adultery. Twice it's in the Ten Commandments. . . . You don't see people marching in the streets to make adultery against the law. I wouldn't be willing to join that group either."

It was remarked last fall that Edwin Edwards was re-elected because the voters decided they wanted to be entertained for another four years. Perhaps. But simpler explanations are available. Above all, he's "*un de nous autres*." He's one of us.

FOR SEVERAL DECADES prior to the Civil War, Louisiana was ruled by wealthy planters and businessmen. During Reconstruction, political power shifted to carpetbaggers, collaborators, and large numbers of newly freed Negroes. The last provided the votes while the first two got rich. The "Carpetbag Governor of Louisiana," Henry Clay Warmoth, was described by a contemporary as a resourceful man who "would rise to power in any great civil disturbance, embodying in himself the elements of revolution, and delighting in the exercise of his natural gifts in the midst of political excitement." Once Reconstruction came to an end, Louisiana was again ruled by a coalition quite similar to the one in control before the war: Carpetbaggers, Republicans, and Negroes were out; planters, businessmen, and Democrats were in. Though the state's economy grew steadily from 1900 to 1930, the benefits were closely held, the class system remained inflexible, and the great mass of the people remained in dismal poverty. Huey Long described the state, with its self-satisfied ruling hierarchy, as a "feudal democracy. . . . That is the way it had been run and been allowed to run, and nobody dared gainsay any of them because the political organizations were so entrenched that no one tried to change it." Huey changed it forever and not at all.

Since Huey Long's election as governor in 1928, down to the present day, with sterile and pathetic exceptions too few to mention, Louisiana's elected officials have plowed our nation's most fertile ground for political demagoguery, corruption, thievery, and false promises. Recently, indictments have become almost as common as elections,

though jail terms are rare, and generally shorter than terms of office. As for the elections themselves, whether the carefully conceived theme has been "nigger-baiting," avowed love for the little man, or unbridled animosity toward the establishment, the result has always been the same: Politics have remained the preserve of the new feudal hierarchy established by Huey, a redneck royalty that views the state treasury—and indeed the police, the law courts, and any other agency capable of distributing money from those who earned it to those who have not as proprietarily as a private hunting ground.

But to suggest that this is a twentieth-century phenomenon would do a disservice to the state's history. When Alexis de Tocqueville and Gustave de Beaumont visited New Orleans in 1832, they were informed by the French consul that Louisiana was prospering and that its future was wonderful. Tocqueville, caught up in the consul's apparent optimism, declared that the prosperity of the region told more than all theories in favor of republican institutions. Much to the young visitor's surprise, his host interrupted him:

> "Ah, monsieur, one must live 15 years as I have done in the bosom of a small democratic republic such as this one to lose such ideas. Do you wish to have an idea of the public administration? Examine the streets of the city, what holes, what lack of order and alignment: the city, however, has more than a million of revenue. But into what hands it passes, God only knows. Do you want to have a clear-cut opinion about the wisdom of the deliberating bodies? Read the names of those who compose them, obscure people, lawyers of the third order, village intriguers. One would be tempted to say that there is a law preventing the choice of people of merit and talent . . . But . . . this government has one merit that one must not deny it. Without force as it is without skill . . . incapable of harm as it is incapable of good, powerless and passive, it lets society go its way . . . Well, in the present state of affairs America, in order to prosper, does not need either able leadership or deep-laid plans or great efforts, but liberty and still more liberty. The reason for that is that no one yet has any interest in abusing that liberty."

The interest has developed over time. As the state's leaders transcended the ordinary neglect and thievery endemic among politicians and sampled the more rarefied pleasures of wholesale redistribution of wealth and the luxuries of social justice, libertinism became extortion and exuberance subsided into stagnation. Today, no districts of the state are prospering; few are growing at all. The streets of New Orleans are as pot-holed as in Tocqueville's day; God only knows where the tax revenues go; obscure people, lawyers of the third order, and village intriguers occupy seats in the legislature; there still appears to be a law preventing people of merit and talent from serving in public office; the government of Louisiana is still incapable of good but now also capable of harm.

According to recent data published by the National Center for Education Statistics, Louisiana ranks second among states in the proportion of its school-operating dollars spent for lunches and other meals and third highest in the proportion spent for transportation (both of which offer attractive opportunities for kickbacks and featherbedding), but 45th nationally in spending on textbooks. In 1983, Louisiana high schools had the lowest graduation rate in the nation, with only 57 per cent of the 1979 freshman

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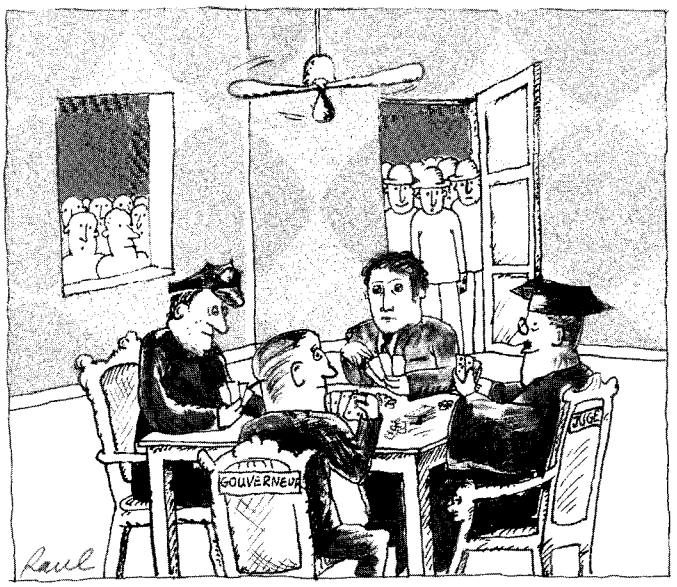
class having earned diplomas. The national average was 74 per cent. According to the *Times-Picayune*, New Orleans' daily newspaper, half of the Louisiana graduates who enter college require remedial courses.

Since May, the state's unemployment rate has been the highest in the nation. From 1983 to 1984, Louisiana fell from 16th to fortieth in the manufacturing-climate index, the sharpest drop among the 48 states ranked. In the category of government spending versus revenue growth, Louisiana received the poorest ranking, 48th. From 1980 to 1983, state spending increased one and a half times as fast as revenues. Louisiana pays the second highest unemployment compensation benefits, twice the national average, far higher than most Southern states. From 1950 to 1975, the average growth in manufacturing jobs among Southern states was 111 per cent; Louisiana's increase was 18 per cent. In 1984, North Carolina gained 47,000 manufacturing jobs and Louisiana 4,300. "We have an overabundance of oil and ignorance in Louisiana and neither one is very salable," says Ed Steimel, director of the Louisiana Association of Business and Industry. Former lieutenant governor Jimmy Fitzmorris, the middle-aged happy warrior of Louisiana politics, puts the problem in more spiritual terms: "The Lord helps those who help themselves."

State Representative Kevin Reilly chairs the state's House Appropriations Committee. Recently, after utterly failing to convince his colleagues to make desperately needed cuts in the state budget, Reilly, known for his reticence, opened his soul to a news reporter: "Our society is a total failure," he said. "We're a banana republic. . . . We're just about as illiterate and just about as progressive as a Latin America country . . . We lead in all the good stuff—unwed mothers, illiteracy, last in higher education . . . We've been blessed with natural resources so we never had to work. We have a lazy, stupid population that doesn't . . . get out and hustle like they do in other states. We take people with no skill at all and put them out there at Exxon. They push a button and they're called 'operators.' They have a sixth-grade education. All you've got to do is read colors. And they make a good living. They've got a pickup truck and two shotguns. You know, really wonderful."

In spite of the state's critical problems, many Louisianians subscribe to what may be called the "image theory," the essence of which is that the state's major problem is an undeserved poor image. Among the many traditional events in Louisiana are frequent meetings of "government, business, and civic leaders" to formulate plans for image improvement. Amid music, dancing girls, exotic foods, and desperately cheerful pep talks, those present are called upon to raise money for image development. Recently, a "prominent citizen" argued that with proper public relations, "we can get over the image of having bad public schools by touting the quality of our private schools; crime might be bad, but we should tell everyone about our low taxes." He neglected to suggest that Louisiana could get over the image of being among the top six states in infant deaths, food-stamp recipients, adults in federal and state prisons, welfare recipients, and unemployment by touting the fact that the state ranks second in money made from mineral production. The mayor of New Orleans recently told one image-burnishing group that "New York City's streets are as filthy as ever and garbage is all about—but no one wants to leave the Big Apple. That's as it should be for the Big Easy too."



IN AN ERA in which the evils of big government—and government redistribution of wealth—are being conceded from every point on the political compass, it is odd that the most traditional evil of all, good old-fashioned corruption, receives so little serious attention. These days conservatives and liberals alike talk about tax rates and social programs, deficits and the dollar, as if we all lived in a nice sterile laboratory and the only point of politics was to find someone to run the experiment correctly. Louisiana brings us back to earth. Wholesale vote-buying, payoffs, kickbacks, exploitation, and influence-peddling put government back in perspective.

Supply-siders talk about taxes as "the wedge" between the effort people put out and the reward they receive. Make the wedge too big and people stop working, or work less than they should. Corruption is a wedge too. It separates effort from reward. It means you can work hard and get nothing for it because the fix is in for somebody's brother-in-law or campaign contributor; it also means you can reap rewards without working, which in the long run is likely to harm you even more. Corruption as thorough as Louisiana's can enervate an entire state. Corruption creates a bigger wedge than taxes, because it not only widens the spread between work and reward; it widens the spread between honesty—and most other virtues—and their proper rewards, because the only thing people ever get paid off for is sin.

The Edwards trials have graphically reaffirmed that political corruption is at the bottom of almost every problem in Louisiana. Perhaps the most discouraging thing is that the prevailing attitude toward corruption is one of amusement and even admiration if it is done with style. Of course, being amused may be the wisest course once you are convinced, as most Louisianians are, that nothing can be done.

They are essentially correct. Just since 1971, almost two dozen leading government figures (more or less, depending on which ones you count) have been indicted for or otherwise seriously implicated in corruption. Virtually none of

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these cases has been resolved in such a way as to offer much hope for the future.

In 1971, former Attorney General Jack P. F. Gremillion was acquitted of charges of conspiracy, mail fraud, and fraud in the sale of securities. Later that year, however, he was convicted on five counts of perjury. He served two years of a three-year sentence and despite his conviction still practices law in Baton Rouge. In 1973, New Orleans DA Jim Garrison (yes, that one) was tried for accepting bribes to protect illegal pinball-machine operations. His own chief investigator testified that Garrison had received approximately $3,000 every two months for nine years from the pinball-machine dealers. Garrison's defense was that the Federal Government was out to destroy him because of his efforts to implicate the CIA in the Kennedy assassination. The jury agreed. Garrison was made a judge in 1978. The former superintendent of the New Orleans police, Joseph Giarrusso, was implicated in a related case, but escaped indictment. He currently serves on the New Orleans City Council.

In 1975 a former Model Cities Director of New Orleans admitted receiving $57,000 from the Family Health Foundation without doing any work. As a key witness for the prosecution, he escaped indictment. He was recently elected to the state legislature. In 1973, Louisiana's Commissioner of Agriculture, Dave Pearce, was indicted by an East Baton Rouge grand jury on 26 felony charges, including bribery and extortion. The felony charges were dropped by District Attorney Ossie B. Brown because Pearce had a heart condition. Pearce was defeated that same year by a professed reform candidate, Gilbert L. Dozier, who promised to clean up the Department of Agriculture. In the fall of 1980 Dozier was convicted by a federal jury on three counts of extortion and one of racketeering, and was sentenced to 18 years in prison. He served only four; his sentence was commuted by President Reagan this year.

Skipping a few years and a number of interesting cases, in 1981, black millionaire businessman Louis C. Mason Jr. and Spencer Washington, former manager of the Total Community Action anti-poverty agency, were convicted by a federal jury in New Orleans on dozens of counts of mail fraud, conspiracy, and theft of food from programs that feed indigent children. Mason could have been sentenced to 116 years in jail for his 37 convictions. He got a two-year suspended sentence and was ordered to perform 1,200 hours of public service. The judge explained that the food had not actually been taken from the mouths of hungry children, but from the federal agency that existed to feed the mouths of hungry children.

It will come as no surprise that Ossie Brown, the public servant who so obligingly dropped the 26 felony charges against Dave Pearce, himself has had an interesting career. In 1984, while he was still DA for Baton Rouge, Ossie was indicted by a federal grand jury on the usual charges of extortion, mail fraud, and perjury arising out of his failure to indict two men for possession of ten grams of cocaine. It seems that the day after the parish grand jury declined to take action against the two alleged druggies, the rich father of one of them lent Ossie $168,000. A state district judge testified that Ossie had asked him to suppress evidence in the case. After his acquittal, Ossie B. Brown, adult-Bible-class teacher, choir leader, former drum major, and crusader against drugs and pornography, declared that the jury's verdict indicated that God wanted him to run for re-election.

EARLY ON, LOUISIANIANS learn that lesson which doesn't have to be learned in school: "It's not what you know, it's who you know." Weave that thread from the top to the bottom and you produce the unique, twisted fabric. If the humblest man wants to plant a vegetable garden behind his house, does he buy seeds, pick up his shovel, and go to work? No. He calls his brother-in-law who knows someone at the Agricultural Extension Service and gets him to send over free seeds and an employee to plant them. If a lawyer has a client who wants to get a bank charter, build a shopping center, or develop a subdivision, does he go to the books for the law and the proper forms? No. He goes to the phone. "What do I need to do, my friend? What do I really need to do?"

Among the more insidious effects of pervasive corruption, with all the moral inversions it brings to daily life, is the psychic numbing characteristic of despair. People surrender their lives to physical gratification. The senses dominate the intellect. An obsessive preoccupation with food, spices, booze, dancing, music, and contact sports—those very attractions that make New Orleans a tourist center for the nation—takes the place of responsible action.

In Louisiana most people see themselves as victims. They are pessimistic about the future and fatalistic about the possibility of change. Good fortune is understood to be the precise equivalent of good luck, which helps explain the phenomenal popularity of the gambling governor. Culture and intellect are looked upon with distrust, another circumstance which cannot have worked to Edwards's disadvantage. In such a completely politicized environment all goals are short-term; a bit longer perhaps than a good run with the dice, but not long enough to build anything worth keeping.

I doubt seriously that any good end is in sight. There has been no change for the better in the last fifty years or more of breastbeating promises of reform. As novelist Walker Percy, who has lived in Louisiana for forty years, recently put it, "the *bons temps* have just about *roulered* out."

FOLLOWING SEVERAL unsuccessful motions for dismissal, the second trial of Edwin Edwards began in March of this year. Both sides took a different tack: Volz told the jury the case was complicated; the defense said it was a simple case involving astute businessmen who made a lot of money legally.

The retrial lasted seven weeks; the jury took only 12 hours to acquit the governor and four other defendants. So confident were the defense lawyers that they rested without presenting any evidence or calling any witnesses. News accounts of discussions with jurors following the trial revealed there was relatively little difficulty in reaching a unanimous verdict of not guilty. The Avenue Plaza Hotel, where the jurors were sequestered during the trial, was not as fortunate as the defendants. The jury split evenly concerning the hotel's linens; six jurors, according to a UPI story, each stole four towels from their rooms. The hotel owner notified the U.S. Marshall of the missing 24 towels but said he would not bill the government for the loss. □

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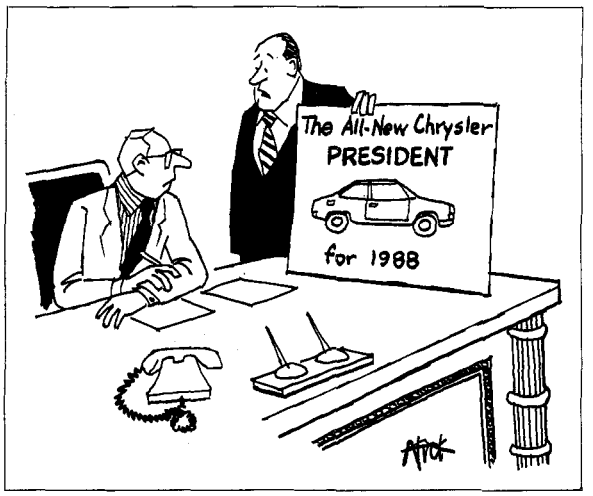
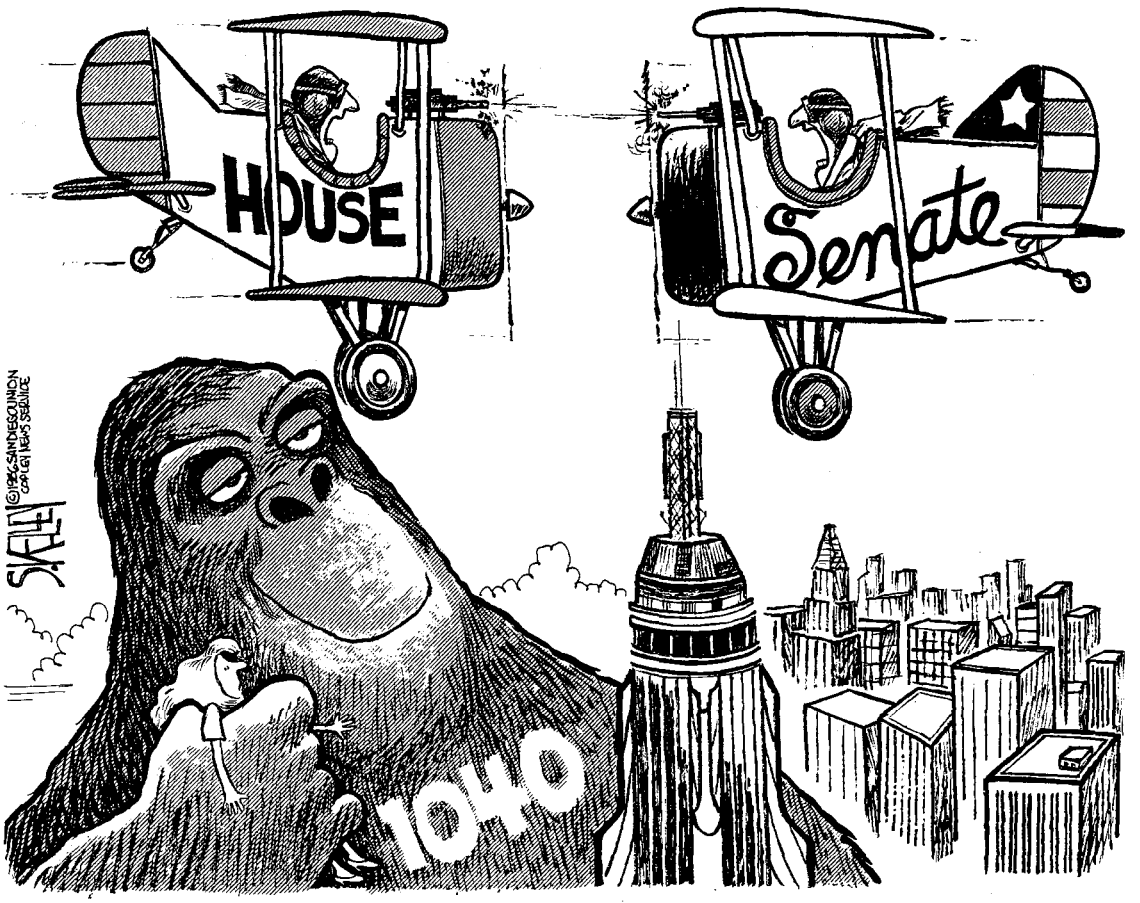


"Of course, if he doesn't *run, we could all be in big trouble."*

My Time Is Your Time

Now let us lift a stein to dear old Maine,
When banjos were the backbone of a band
And dope meant information, not cocaine:
For Rudy Vallee's gone, without a hand.
He had a certain boyish self-command
That suited Betty and her co-ed crew,
While over-thirties in a football stand
Sang out, "Her dress is black for old Purdue."
So Rudy's dead, with 23 skidoo,
Miss Boop, bad hooch, and network radio,
Though mourners, now irrelevant, still do
A one-step to a faltering "Heigh-ho!"
Please note, before the memory turns stale,
He also was a graduate of Yale.

W. H. VON DREELE



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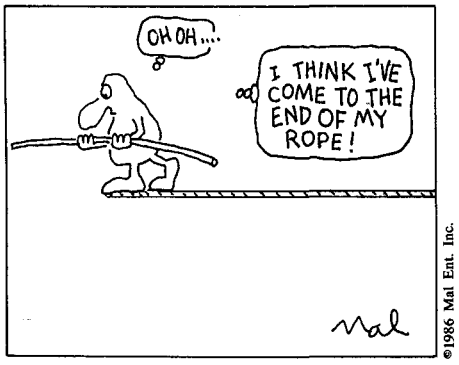

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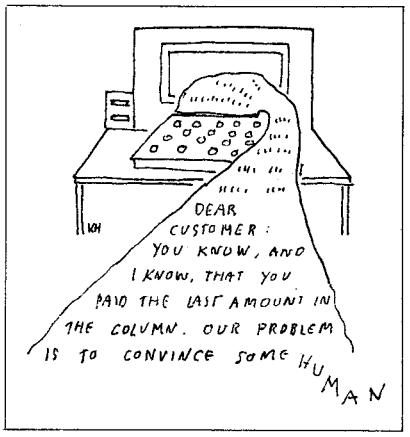

"JUST ANSWER THE QUESTION, MR. MANION—ARE YOU NOW, OR HAVE YOU EVER BEEN, A CARD-CARRYING CONSERVATIVE?"

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JOURNEY TO A DARK AGE

I SAW TWO motorcycles in Tbilisi, the capital of Soviet Georgia. They were parked in a small square in the old part of town, which is tangled and charming—a neighborhood of partly wooden houses, not unlike the older slum sections of Istanbul. I didn't pay much attention to the motorcycles at the time—I think they were painted yellow—but they were important, for they were the only ones I saw in ten days in the Soviet Union.

As such, they gave a partial answer to the question posed in a game I and the other journalists traveling on the same junket played. Albert Jay Nock once wondered how one would know if one were living in a Dark Age. Our game was similar: How, without any previous information or general knowledge, would you know you were visiting a totalitarian country?

The answer was not as obvious as you might think. There were no ubiquitous posters of a Great Helmsman, no orgiastic parades, no swarming storm troopers. The Gulag was not on our itinerary. The Lubyanka sits smack in the middle of Moscow, looking just like the turn-of-the-century insurance-company building it once was; but you are not encouraged to stick your nose in.

The revolution has normalized. It has a crust, like an old Stilton. Still, the ignorant outsider can find enough clues—even on a tourist trip, even without speaking Russian—that he is in an empire, and that it is evil.

The motorcycles, for one. Totalitarianism requires socialism—if men are free to buy and sell, then they are not totally unfree—and the motorcycles, or the lack of them, were a sign of it. There are three ways the world gets around. In the poorest of the Third World, men travel on feet—their own, or animals'. In the First World, there are cars. (An émigré friend of mine saw *The Grapes of Wrath* in the Soviet Union as a young man. It was meant as Commie propaganda, but all he could do was marvel at the Okies and their trucks.) The intervening step—between donkeys and Chevies—is motorcycles. They are the overwhelmingly predominant means of transportation in those parts of the Third World which are graduating into the First. They are what makes traffic in a place like Taipei so hellish.

In the Soviet Union, there are cars, though not many. The wide, fading imperial streets of Leningrad are virtually empty, day and night, weekdays and weekends. And yet the motorcycles that should fill the gap—that would in South Korea, or Indonesia, or Sicily—were, but for the two sad specimens in Tbilisi, also not there.

Such a glaring disparity between what is needed and what is available is a sign of socialism. So is freakish abundance: In ten days in a country that spans 11 time zones, the only fresh vegetables were cucumbers—and they were everywhere. Only command economies make such blundering miscalculations; only planning leads to such disorder.

Another sign of possible totalitarianism is anti-clericalism. There are churches in the Soviet Union; there are half a dozen historic ones on every standard tour. But these are all museums now, with about as much religious significance as Tintern Abbey, or the Parthenon. Some of the restorations have a bizarrely secular quality: One church in Leningrad was filled with a display of factory machinery, like an Akron Chamber of Commerce exhibit, circa 1951. Another, the Kazan Cathedral on Nevsky Prospekt, is now a Museum of the History of Religion and Atheism.

Caste-Conscious

THERE ARE one functioning mosque, one functioning synagogue, and 19 functioning churches in Leningrad, a city of five million. Moscow, at eight million, has forty functioning religious establishments. These figures were not cribbed from Freedom House, but frankly recited by our Intourist guide. (The Yellow Pages for Manhattan, that shining city on a hill, list three pages of churches.) You can go to the working churches, though it is wisest to check the times of services first; the ones given on official lists are apt to be wrong.

Totalitarian societies are caste societies. We promise equality, said the mad revolutionary theorist in *The Possessed*, but in reality we will establish a regime of total inequality. It doesn't take long for the honest tourist in the Soviet Union to recognize that he is, temporarily, a member of a privileged caste. It is not a matter of style or wealth—of failing to get into the Oak Room at the Plaza in jeans, or in rags. It is a distinction of status. In the Soviet Union, Westerners are the bearers of hard currency, and therefore superior beings. So long as you stay with your tour, you eat in different dining rooms, sometimes in different restaurants. You are sent to shop in stores no ordinary Russian may enter. Russians as well dressed as you may

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be turned away at the door of your hotel. This happened at our hotel in Leningrad.

Totalitarians are armed intellectuals—or intellectuals in command of armed men. The ideas behind the gun barrels were most evident at the edge of Soviet power: the customs check of incoming passengers at Leningrad's international airport. The French saying, *bête comme un douanier*—dumb as a customs officer—was not coined without reason. I have spent, all told, several hours of my life haggling over duty at various points of ingress and egress: Is that an antique, or a textile? Is it new, or old? Soviet customs has different priorities. It examines the printed word. Each book and magazine was glanced at; many were paged through. Several were simply taken. The quality was as interesting as the quantity. A *Washington Times* reprint of a piece by John Rees disappeared into Soviet filedom. Fair enough, maybe; Rees is an open opponent of the Communist system. But totally innocuous works of description—a book on the Soviet Union by a *New York Times* correspondent, David Shipler—went as well. Perhaps facts are considered to be as dangerous as criticism.

One last clue requires a modification of the test. Instead of a totally ignorant outsider, assume a Rip Van Winkle—someone who knew what Russia had been like up to, say, 1961, and who had been returned to it after a quarter-century of slumber. Such a person would be able to detect the totalitarian present in the country's attitude to the past.

He would find that the pre-revolutionary past has been unashamedly reclaimed. In their sepulchres, the tombs of the czars are cleaned and gleaming. An immense monumental column in honor of Alexander I still stands in front of the Winter Palace, cross and all. The domes of the cathedral that marks the spot where Alexander II was assassinated by nihilists—infantile leftists, in Communist jargon—are swathed in scaffolding, on their way to restoration. It is in the history of post-revolutionary Russia that distortion becomes obvious. Kirov—head of the Party in Leningrad, and Stalin's most popular rival in the early Thirties—was murdered in 1934, with Stalin's connivance. His death served a double purpose: It also supplied a pretext for the Purges. "Who killed Kirov?" we asked our Intourist guide in Leningrad. "No one knows," she shrugged. "Perhaps some Trotskyites?"

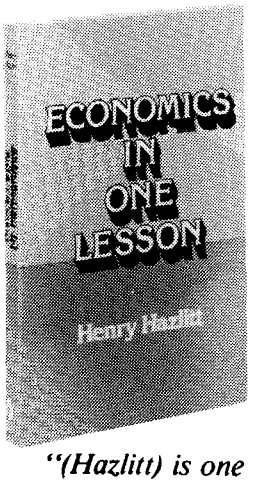
Stalin Greets You

To get a real case of the historical bends, however, our time traveler will have to go to Georgia, to the town of Gori—the birthplace of Josef Dzugashvili, and the site of a museum in his honor. Gori is an out-of-the-way place—a provincial town in a remote province. That it could have such a

(Continues on page 57)

"Its insights have guided my own thinking and I am proud to count myself as one of your students." —RONALD REAGAN

ECONOMICS IN ONE LESSON



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THE SUB VERSION OF STAR WARS

CONGRESSIONAL CRITICS frequently lump the SDI ("Star Wars") and ASAT (anti-satellite weapons) programs together. "Keep the military out of the heavens" is the war cry of those on Capitol Hill who would like to kill two birds with one stone. This has always been nonsense. ASAT and SDI are quite separate programs, conceived years apart from each other, with different purposes. Nevertheless, for reasons never contemplated by the critics, the two programs will soon be vitally interconnected. New tactics and new technology are making ASAT—vigorously attacked by the Soviet Union—crucial to the success of any Star Wars defense.

To understand the connection, we must shift our gaze from the starry skies to the ocean depths. It is the advances now taking place in submarine technology that will make ASATs indispensable in deterring a Soviet first strike. Because of their stealth and mobility, missile-armed nuclear submarines have traditionally been considered the ultimate second-strike weapon. Nuclear submarines have had some limited first-strike capabilities, primarily against land-based bombers and other missile-equipped submarines in port, but heretofore they could not strike with the combination of power and accuracy needed to destroy hardened targets such as fortified command and control centers or missiles protected in underground silos. The Trident I/C-4, in current use, has only a 10 per cent chance of destroying a target hardened to two thousand pounds per square inch. The older Poseidon/C-3 had virtually no chance against hardened targets and was conceived purely as a countervalue weapon against urban/industrial targets. The Soviet *Delta II*-class subs use larger warheads with less accuracy, yielding about the same capability as the Trident I/C-4 against hardened targets. Thus traditional strategic doctrine, based on this older technology, made heavy MIRVed ICBMs—the only weapons capable of destroying our ICBMs in their silos—the uniquely necessary tool for a Soviet first strike. Lesser Soviet nuclear weapons might destroy cities and industrial sites, but they could not destroy our missiles. Nuclear destruction would still be mutually assured. To prevent a Soviet first strike, then, we only have to be able to stop their ICBMs. This is the central thesis of SDI.

NEW TECHNOLOGY is about to change the situation radically. Improvements in both the accuracy and the power of submarine-launched ballistic missiles (SLBMs) will transform submarines into first-strike weapons. The new Trident II/D-5 missiles are so accurate that they have a better than 80 per cent chance of destroying hardened targets. The Trident I/C-4, retrofitted with new technology, will soon have a better than even chance of destroying a hardened silo. Soon missiles in powered flight will be able to use course-correction information from a NAVSTAR satellite, improving accuracy even more, possibly by a factor of four.

The increased accuracy of the American SLBM force will eventually be matched by the Soviets. The SS-N-20 SLBM, which arms the Soviets' new *Typhoon*-class submarine, is more accurate than its predecessor, the SS-N-18, though no exact estimates have been made public. Flight testing of yet another SLBM, the SS-NX-23, has started. The Soviets will also eventually use satellites to enhance accuracy. By the end of the century, perhaps by the end of this decade, the Soviets will have a substantial and growing fleet of nuclear submarines available for first-strike missions.

SLBM launch power is also increasing, a development which, even more than improvements in accuracy, promises to transform SLBMs into first-strike weapons. The most often cited advantage of increased power is increased range, hence increased survivability: The further away from the enemy shore a sub can operate, the larger the area in which it can hide. However, more powerful SLBMs have another value as well. Instead of being fired in a normal ballistic arc, they can power their way through depressed trajectories. In the past, these had been regarded primarily as a way to improve accuracy and shorten warning time. With the advent of SDI a far more important advantage appears: The shorter arcs traveled by SLBMs using depressed trajectories mean that missiles launched from submarines would be immune to the space-based defense systems envisioned in the SDI program.

The Soviets may have noticed this loophole already. In recent years, they have increased the number of warheads they mount on submarines. Even if they abide by the SALT limits on the number of launchers, their sea-based force could, with increased MIRVing of more powerful and accurate missiles, top six thousand warheads, all potential first-strike weapons. There are fewer than 1,500 U.S. targets—ICBM silos, nuclear-submarine ports, bomber bases, and command, communications, and control installations—that a Soviet first strike would have to knock out to prevent the U.S. from retaliating. Thus, using only half their sub fleet, the Soviets could direct at least two sea-launched warheads at each U.S. target.

For SDI to work, we must develop—and soon—ways to disrupt short-range, as well as long-range, attacks. Critics of space-based SDI have always argued that it could not defend against attacks launched by bombers,

(Continues on page 57)

Mr. Hawkins is Research Director of The South Foundation, based in Tennessee.

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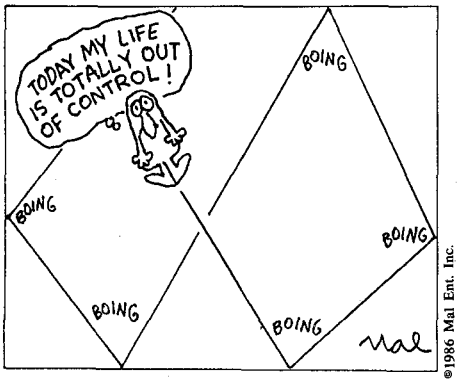
TWO CHEERS FOR EDUCATION'S G-MEN

As conservatives probe into more of the cul-de-sacs of public policy, no set of issues has proved more perplexing than those associated with education. There is no domain in which it has proved more difficult for conservatives to reach reasonable consensus among themselves. Describing the failings of the current system is easy enough, and not especially divisive. We can readily agree that the public schools are, on the average, doing an inadequate job of imparting to our children either basic skills or basic values, and that in some particularly bad cases schools have become morally unhealthy or even physically dangerous places. It's when we seek solutions that disagreement sprouts. Higher minimum standards or more parental choice? A larger core of prescribed studies or enhanced diversity? Tighter regulation by the state, a revival of local community control, or a move toward school-level sovereignty? More emphasis on religion or on technology? A classical curriculum or one that stresses useful skills?

There are a lot of other issues. But many of the uncertainties conservatives encounter in thinking about education reform trace back to one fundamental question: Should our overall goal for education be to return it firmly to the control of parents, trusting them to make the best decisions for their children; or should the goal be to ensure that the schools do a better job of teaching both the accumulated wisdom and the shared values of the culture we wish to conserve?

If you regard education as an extension of family childrearing, and schooling as a sort of public convenience whereby parents engage others to provide some of the lessons that ideally the children would absorb at home, then you pretty much have to favor policies—such as tuition tax credits, vouchers, magnet schools, open enrolment, and home schooling—by which parents exercise maximum control over what and where their children learn and no one else makes judgments that contradict or undermine those of the family. This will naturally yield true diversity in the schools. But we could find ourselves with so much diversity that the children of neighboring families would end up learning none of the same things, not even speaking the same language or sharing any cultural, political, and social values. Carrying this view to its logical conclusion, public financing of education starts to look irrational, and compulsory school-attendance laws become problematic. A family that wants its children to study witchcraft and Satanism would be free to arrange this at public expense. Social mobility might be curtailed, since youngsters would less often be exposed to world views or personal horizons broader than those of their parents. But at least the parents would be in charge, which is a pretty solid insurance policy against mischief perpetrated by the education establishment.

If, on the other hand, you regard education as a proper pursuit of the larger society, you will want all children to attend more or less the same schools, learn more or less the same things, and be imbued with more or less the same values and cultural inheritance. You will demand that they all become fluent in English; acquire basic skills; learn what it means to be an American; study history, math, science, and literature, perhaps philosophy and maybe a foreign language. You will insist that it is society's responsibility to ensure that every one of its young people acquires the habits and understandings necessary for responsible citizenship, even if these clash with beliefs or practices of the parents.



The Stark Dilemma

Having chosen this course, you will have helped break the barriers of personal circumstance that might limit a child's options in an open society. But you will also have ceded some mighty important decisions to people whose social, cultural, political, and economic principles may be alien to your own, even inimical to what you regard as the well-being of the Republic. You will have opened the way for professional educators to clarify your child's values; to tutor him in pacifism, multi-culturalism, and atheism; to deride patriotism, nationalism, and capitalism; to encourage him to do whatever feels good; to let him get by without ever mastering trigonometry or exploring Shakespeare or taming his own prose style. You have, in short, surrendered your youngsters and those of your neighbor to the tender mercies of those who brought us the very system we hoped to reform.

I may seem to have posed the dilemma too starkly. Most of us would like to have it both ways: more parental choice and more widespread respect for educational basics and the

Mr. Finn is Assistant Secretary of Education for Research and Improvement.

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cultural and moral heritage of the West. After all, though for a long time the preferred conservative tactic was decentralization, the most important goal of decentralization was a general improvement in both skills and values for all children. While we were in the diaspora, we didn't have to resolve the dilemma. Regardless of whether we valued decentralization and parental choice for themselves or only as a tactic, all the evils we were fighting were abetted by centralization. Conservatives then were united by a common enemy—the "education establishment"—and a convenient scapegoat—the Federal Government. These were usually indistinguishable, for federal education programs and related interventions throughout the Sixties and Seventies—culminating in the creation of the U.S. Department of Education under the Carter Administration, in 1979—were almost entirely the work of the liberal education establishment.

The Virtues of Centralization

THROUGH THE early 1980s, then, this dilemma was—for conservatives—almost entirely hypothetical. Decentralization was the only game in town. Indeed, as Lawrence Uzzell pointed out in the April 11 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, as late as 1982 I found myself calling for the abandonment of the federal education unit I now administer. (Technically we did abandon the National Institute of Education. It is now called the Office of Educational Research and Improvement. But, now as then, it is the Education Department's main source of data, research, and analysis.) Uzzell, who once worked there, still thinks we should abolish it: Years of studying and exposing educational horrors have caused him to elevate tactic to paramount principle. In his view, centralization itself is a vice. Federal influence in education is necessarily baneful. Federal leadership would be wrong even if it caused every school in the country both to teach the basics and to impart traditional values. Untraditional parents would object, and, Uzzell argues, they would be right.

I readily concede that centralization often has a bad effect on schools and families. But it is a lot less clear, six years after the election of Ronald Reagan, that the Federal Government is necessarily a bad influence on education. Three dramatic developments in those six years suggest that it is time to consider, once again, the possibility that the Federal Government could be the ally of good education.

First, actual policy decisions have, as conservatives wished, mostly moved out of Washington. American education is undergoing large (if as yet inconclusive) changes, and, remarkably, the Federal Government has had practically nothing to do with them, except occasionally to applaud, warn, and supply information. Governors, legislators, business leaders, and a handful of renegade educators are leading one state after another to adopt higher standards for students and teachers alike—to embrace such heterodox notions as paying and promoting teachers on the basis of performance, permitting entry into the classroom of liberal-arts graduates who never took "methods" courses, barring kids from the football team until they get their grades up, and restoring history and geography to the curriculum in place of courses in family living and pop psychology. None of these promising changes came from Washington. Rather, they customarily result from arduous effort in the state capitals by such authentic education reformers as Tennessee governor Lamar Alexander, California schools chief Bill Honig, Texas tycoon Ross Perot, and New Jersey governor Tom Kean. There has already been substantial decentralization, and we are reaping the benefits.

Second, the views and practices of the education establishment are now under attack from all sides, not just from the Right. It isn't easy these days to find a defender of teachers' colleges, social promotion, or value-neutral curricula. Indeed, it's getting hard to distinguish between conservative criticisms of education and those voiced by mainstream newspapers, governors and legislators, business leaders and national commissions. This, of course, is a mixed blessing for conservatives and their new allies, for as their educational values win public acceptance and the establishment heads for cover, conservatives can no longer get by with criticisms and general principles. They must be ready with specific policies and programs, buttressed by facts and findings, and sturdy enough to survive guerrilla attacks by establishment rebels.

Third, and perhaps most remarkably, in the "war of ideas" about education, the Federal Government is beginning to look like an asset instead of a liability. Washington is not mounting new programs or promulgating new regulations. It is amplifying the voice of common sense, taking issue with establishment folly, and emitting a steady stream of ideas and suggestions, facts and analyses, examples and interpretations that help arm state and local education reformers for the battles they are fighting. For the first time in ages, the executive branch of the Federal Government is encouraging cultural literacy, the purposeful development of character, the primacy of parents, the reading of good literature, the centrality of discipline, and the legitimacy of paying effective educators generously and incompetents not at all.

One now hears that the NEA and some of its allies are wondering whether it was so smart to press for creation of the Education Department. Indeed, Colorado Representative Patricia Schroeder recently called for its abolition. Much of this sea-change can be traced to Bill Bennett's extraordinarily effective use of the "bully pulpit," but credit should also be given to a handful of astute conservatives in Congress, to some of Bennett's associates at both the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Education Department, and, of course, to Ronald Reagan, whose views on education are eminently sensible and increasingly articulated.

Education's Surprising Ally

THE ABILITY OF well-spoken national officials to influence the "war of ideas" about education now being waged outside the Beltway turns out to be far more consequential, at least for conservatives, than a fresh array of federal statutes, regulations, and appropriations. To be sure, it would be good to deregulate bilingual education, to convert the big Chapter I compensatory-education program into an optional voucher, and to effect a handful of other changes in Federal Government policy. But leadership, backed by sound understanding and solid information, may be more important. Thus the Heritage Foundation's 1985 model for a reconstructed Education Department suggested putting two-thirds of the department's effort into armaments, general staff, and strat-

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egy for the war of ideas. Bennett has similar priorities.

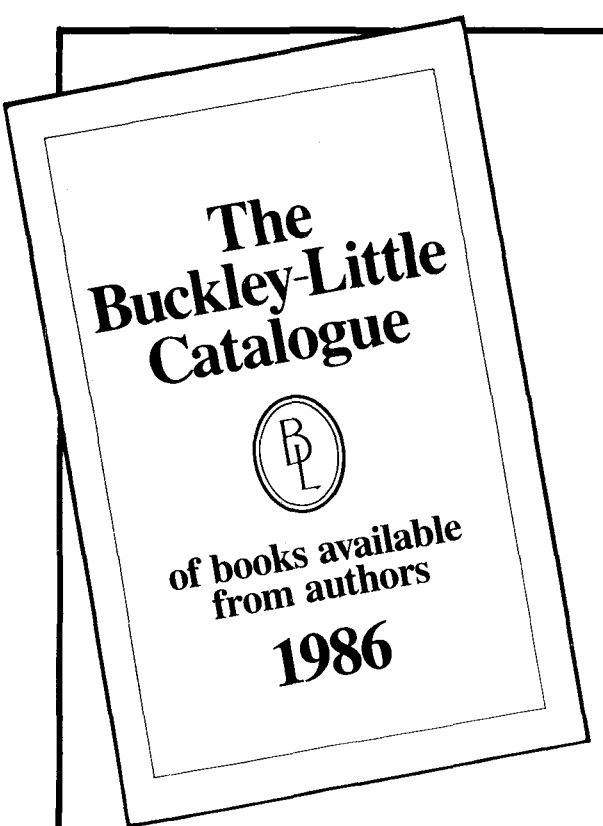
But if the most useful thing the Federal Government can do for education is to be on the right side of the war of ideas, then the most essential federal education programs are just those that conservatives have liked least: data gathering, evaluation, and dissemination. For years the dubious education theories and ideology-tinged research coming out of Washington, or out of educationist enterprises funded by Washington, have contributed generously to the accumulated dopiness of the educational establishment. The research and dissemination programs were one of the great tools of centralization. It is no wonder conservatives are wary of them.

But though such wariness may be justified, it is not without irony. For information is the most potent weapon in the war of ideas and an absolutely necessary resource if conservatives are to win that war. Gathering and disseminating information are not costly (accounting for just 0.0046 of the Education Department budget in fiscal 1987); they involve no coercion at all; they are the federal education functions that others would be least able to take over. Furthermore, it turns out that most of what research—good research, unpoliticized research, research that follows the canons of science—has unveiled about education is more congenial to conservative views than to establishment practices. Of course it is hardly surprising, in a field such as education, that empirical data should confirm common sense. It's just that previous regimes in Washington inexplicably failed to point this out.

Winning the War of Ideas

MANY OF these findings are summarized in the Education Department's recent publication *What Works*, released in early March at the White House and now nearing 300,000 copies in circulation. In this little book we find that children learn more if they do homework, if they are held to high standards, if they read lots of books, if their parents pay close attention to their education, if they study history and science, if their school has a crackerjack principal, if they work hard, if their teachers help them both to memorize facts and to analyze ideas.

Did we really need research to point us toward these truisms, or a Federal Government to publish them? In a word, yes. Precisely because such findings do *not* conform to ordinary practice in American schools and are antithetical to the conventional wisdom of the educationists, they need to be heralded with all the legitimacy of scientific research and all the amplification that a President and Cabinet Secretary can supply. It is perfectly proper for the Federal Government to serve as amplifier for sensible ideas, when it served so long as the sound system for the establishment band with its sour notes and incomprehensible lyrics. Remember, that band is still playing. For conservatives to abandon the effort at systematic inquiry into education or the dissemination of sound educational ideas is to leave the field firmly in the possession of the colleges of education, the NEA, the American Association of School Administrators, and other bastions of liberal establishmentarianism. Whatever our internal differences about how to repair the education system, the most shortsighted strategy imaginable would be to withdraw all our explorers from this alien territory and turn it back over to the indigenous population. □



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ABROAD

BRASILIA *Back to Fidel*

Brazil has re-established diplomatic and commercial relations with Fidel Castro after a break of 22 years, signifying to many observers here the end of Cuba's isolation in Latin America. Now only two governments, Chile's and Paraguay's, maintain the Latin American diplomatic blockade that was begun in the early 1960s, following the lead of the United States. While there was no formal reaction from the State Department, one high official characterized the démarche as "lamentable."

ANKARA *Thirteenth*

A major issue taking form here, and soon to cast its shadow across Western Europe, is when and how—no longer really if—Turkey becomes the 13th member of the Common Market. Turkey has a long association with modern European structures. It has been a member of the Council of Europe since 1949, and of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization since 1952. There is no dispute about its position as a strategic pillar of NATO. An agreement in 1963 (reconfirmed in 1977) created an economic association between the EEC and Turkey that is now considered a step toward EEC membership. And in 1976 a protocol was signed in Brussels authorizing free circulation of Turkish workers among member countries by the end of this year. This affects hundreds of thousands of Turkish workers in Western Europe, particularly in West Germany, which has insisted on applying national immigration controls to them. Moreover, in the last three years Prime Minister Turgut Ozal has freed exchange, abolished currency and price controls, and pursued a policy of righting trade and debt balances that has won approval of the OECD and the IMF. Today Turkey can handle its foreign debts and raise capital on the international market. But while Turkey may look toward Europe, it looks toward Asia too. Though the Turkish state is secular, its constitution makes important reference to Islam, to which 90 per cent of its population adheres. Until the collapse of oil prices, the government had been considering the idea of promoting an Islamic common market. Then there is the demographic problem. Turkey's birth rate far outstrips those of West Germany and France, for example. There are 52 million Turks today, most of them young. By the end of the century there will be one hundred million. Such a bloc cannot be easily integrated into Europe, politically or culturally.

BUDAPEST *Western and More Western*

Hungary has become known as the Soviet-bloc country with a Western-style economy. It now does 50 per cent of its international business with the West. Its currency rates on the official market and the black market are practically the same. It has cut inflation to 5 per cent, and its sociologists are beginning to talk about "the poverty line," hitherto an unknown subject of concern in a Communist country. Tourists to Budapest know all about its glittering shopping malls filled with French perfume, Scotch whisky, Japanese cameras, and other luxury goods, so unlike the run-down retail outlets of Warsaw and Moscow. The food shops are laden with exotic products, and the streets are full of expensive foreign cars. Hungarians will soon be able to see Western television via satellite. A London-based entertainment network has concluded an agreement with Hungarian state television, and in a few months hotels in Budapest and other cities will receive the programs (no news or news features, however). Later, ordinary Hungarians are expected to be able to view the programs over community aerial systems. Until now, programs carried by Western satellites have been banned throughout the Eastern bloc.

LONDON *Family Persons*

The London branch of the Labour Party wants to ban family photographs from its candidates' campaign literature because they are "unfair to homosexuals and lesbians." Its aim is to "eliminate heterosexism." Gay activists took offense at a recent successful election campaign conducted by Nick Raynsford in a Fulham by-election. Raynsford's campaign material carried several photographs of him with his wife and children. A spokesperson said that if a candidate did not emphasize his or her personal life, there would be no necessity for gays and lesbians to display their sexual preferences. The national Labour Party said that the London executive's stand was not binding, and that the example would not be followed by the national party leadership. Raynsford commented that using family photographs in his campaign "was the most natural thing in the world."

CHESTER *Top Teddy*

An 82-year-old teddy bear was sold here at auction the other day for £4,800 ($7,200) to a German collector. The toy, thirty inches tall, was put away in a cupboard almost immediately after it was given to a five-year-old Liverpool boy in 1904 and not touched since. The bear's paw bore the original price tag—18 shillings, 9 pence, less than a pound in the money of the day. The previous high price paid for a teddy was £1,500 ($2,250).

Schwadron, *Punch* / Rothco

"Whoa! Slow down, Mrs. Marney. Please keep in mind I have to translate all your laymen's terms into medical gobbledygook."

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GOD SAVE THIS VULNERABLE COURT

PUT ASIDE FOR the moment the question of whether there should be state laws against sodomy. Dr. Jerry Falwell is surely wrong when he says the Supreme Court "has issued a clear statement that perverted moral behavior is not accepted practice in this country." Among millions of Americans the culture of buggery is not only accepted but championed. What the Court said is that the text and structure of the Constitution do not establish the practice of sodomy as a "fundamental right."

The Court said other things that needed saying. In upholding the Georgia sodomy law, it said that in this Republic the people have a fundamental right to make their own laws, within the limits specified by the Constitution. In making such laws, the Court further said, the people may properly be influenced by tradition, custom, and religious belief. When judges try to override this democratic process by imposing their own values, they are themselves acting unconstitutionally. In the words of the majority opinion by Justice Byron White: "The Court is most vulnerable and comes nearest to illegitimacy when it deals with judge-made constitutional law having little or no cognizable roots in the language or design of the Constitution."

Divorce Proceedings

Whether or not there should be a law against sodomy is for the representatives of the people to debate and decide. Either way, it is a question of moral judgment. As Justice White says, "The law . . . is constantly based on notions of morality, and if all laws representing essentially moral choices are to be invalidated . . . , the courts will be very busy indeed." Furthermore, the courts would be busily putting themselves out of business, for a democratic people would not long countenance a legal system that formally divorced law from moral judgment. Admittedly, law and moral judgment have too frequently been separated in recent decades. But a final divorce decree has not come through, and now, at long last, the Court may be favoring a reconciliation.

Justice Harry Blackmun, in bitter dissent, unfurled the tattered banner of unbridled individualism. Two centuries of American jurisprudence may be described as a descent from Providence to privacy, but Justice Blackmun thinks it's progress all the way. With remarkable candor Blackmun argues that the Court's only reason for interest in questions of marriage, family, childhood, and sexuality is that they bear upon the freedom of the individual. Seldom has the classical concern for the "common good" been rejected so explicitly. Blackmun writes: "We protect [such] rights not because they contribute, in some direct and material way, to the general public welfare, but because they form so central a part of an individual life." It is a revealing glimpse into the mind of the author of the *Roe* v. *Wade* decision on abortion.

Consistent with his libertarian premise, Blackmun would employ judicial coercion to liberate the individual by destroying the bonds of community and tradition, even when such bonds are legitimated by democratic consent. He cites the infamous statement of Justice Holmes: "It is revolting to have no better reason for a rule of law than that so it was laid down in the time of Henry IV. It is still more revolting if the grounds upon which it was laid down have vanished long since, and the rule simply persists from blind imitation of the past." Yet more revolting is the hubris of judges who declare the people's wise affirmation to be blind imitation, and who conform the law to "current values" as defined, of course, by themselves.

But the full force of Blackmun's animus is saved for religion. I do not know whether he is against religion as such, but he is certainly against religion that is so impertinent as to impinge upon the *res publica*. In the present case he detects religion breaking out from the sphere of privacy to which it is properly consigned. Blackmun says he is not impressed by the "invocation" of Leviticus, Romans, and St. Thomas Aquinas to the effect that sodomy is gravely wrong. "The legitimacy of secular legislation," he argues, "depends . . . on whether the state can advance some justification for its law beyond its conformity to religious doctrine." Surely he is right in that. However, he overlooks the fact that Georgia and other states do advance justifications beyond religious doctrine. Such justifications have to do with the common good, but we have seen what Justice Blackmun thinks of the common good.

Public Nuisance

Blackmun, it is to be feared, does not want justifications "beyond" religion; he wants justifications that *exclude* religion. In this view, the inclusion of religion or religiously based morality lethally taints the law. Says Blackmun, "A state can no more punish private behavior because of religious intolerance than it can punish such behavior because of racial animus." Religion, when it impinges upon the public arena, is by definition religious intolerance. Legal historians note that in the last four decades there has been scarcely a Supreme Court reference to public religion that is not strongly pejorative. Providence is protected by the privacy doctrine, so long as it doesn't make a nuisance of itself in public. Such is the perversity of mind that has made the Court so vulnerable to challenge by democratic theory and practice. That is the most important perversity addressed by Justice White's majority opinion. □

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IMPERIAL ARTS

Samuel T. Francis

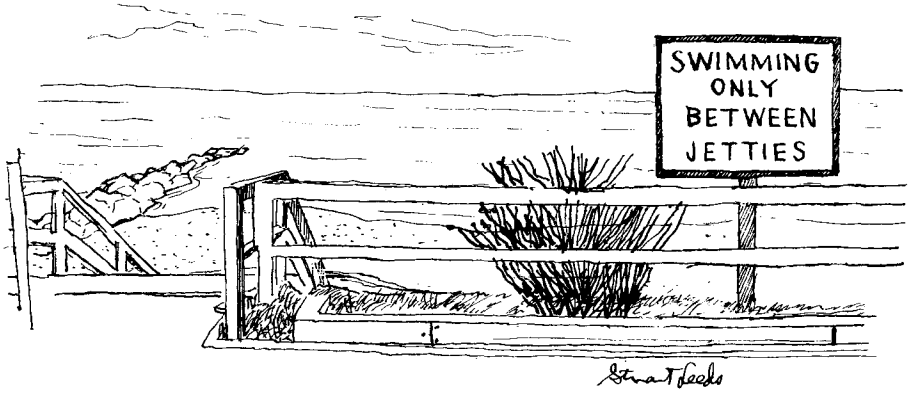
Imperialism and the Anti-Imperialist Mind, by Lewis S. Feuer (Prometheus, 258 pp., $22.95)

FOR THE PAST hundred years or so, few words in the Western political vocabulary have produced so much froth on the lips as "imperialism." The unenviable task that Professor Feuer has set himself in this small but learned and provocative book is to reconsider the case against imperialism, and he constructs a powerful critique of anti-imperialist theories from Hobson and Lenin to Fanon and Mannoni. The result is a courageous defense of the role of imperialism as an agent of civilizational expansion. "When civilization has moved forward in the past, it has invariably been propelled by a strong imperialist movement on the part of the most advancing society."

Feuer distinguishes between "progressive imperialism"—"in which energies are liberated for the advancement of civilization and creative activity," and which he sees exemplified in Alexandrian, Roman, British, French, and Dutch expansion—and "regressive imperialism"—manifested in Nazi conquests and, "in several respects, the Mongolian and Spanish" empires, and which "aims at a perpetual exploitation or extermination of peoples whether less or more advanced." It is Feuer's goal to vindicate the historical record of progressive imperialism, "founded on a cosmopolitan view of man, a conception of human worth to be found among all men," and leading to "participatory imperialism," in which the subjects as well as the rulers of empire are able to achieve political, economic, and cultural advancement.

So far from exploiting their subjects, Feuer finds, progressive empires and their rulers have suppressed piracy and the slave trade, ended tribal wars, abolished cannibalism and suttee, and drastically improved the hygienic, educational, technological, and economic levels of the peoples they ruled. There is a powerful altruistic element in these missionary, medical, scientific, educational, and abolitionist activities, which contradicts both the conventional and the Marxist ideas of the motivations for expansion. It is precisely from this altruism that the anti-imperialist leaders of colonized peoples obtain the ideological basis for criticizing and rejecting their status. Absorbing the anti-imperialist, anti-capitalist, and often anti-Western ideas disseminated by missionary schools and capitalist diffusion, leaders like Nkrumah and Kenyatta turned against the very source of their own leadership and ideas in rejecting the imperial structure. It is the weakness, perhaps the tragedy, of progressive imperialism that it ultimately undermines itself, not because, as Marxist theory would have it, it succumbs to the contradictions of advanced capitalism, but because of the virtues of its bourgeois and Christian roots.

Lest it be thought that "anti-Semitism and racism arise from an inherent dynamic of imperialism," Feuer devotes considerable space to inquiring "how the Jews, as a persecutable minority, have fared in the setting of progressive imperialism." Apart from the regressive imperialism of the Nazis and of Catholic Spain, "the Jews' experience of imperialism throughout history has . . . mostly been a happy one," and they "have felt their own creative social energies awakened by the imperialist opportunity." Jews were eligible for public office in the Roman empire until the time of the later Christian emperors, who began to revoke their access to the army, political office, and the secret service. In the eighteenth century, the progressive imperialism of the French Revolution and Napoleon "finally afforded to European Jewry the chance to break the Ghetto walls and partake of equality and justice."



Samuel T. Francis was a legislative assistant to the late Senator John P. East of North Carolina.

Thomas P. McDonnell, a veteran journalist in the Church press, is preparing a collection of his literary essays for publication.

Jeffrey Meyers's latest book, Manic Power: Robert Lowell and His Circle, *will be published in London next year by Macmillan.*

J. O. Tate is a professor of English at Dowling College, Long Island, New York, and a member of the editorial board of The Flannery O'Connor Bulletin.

Terry Teachout is an associate editor of Harper's Magazine *and an editor of the conservative newsletter* Modern Times.

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Jews also supported Dutch and British imperialism; by choosing to re-admit the Jews to England, "Britain's imperialism chose the liberal, progressive direction." Theodore Roosevelt, whom Feuer sees as the archetype of American progressive imperialism, "boldly originated the concept of the making of a new American race, as he told American historians that they would record in the future the 'formation of a new ethnic type in this melting pot of the nations.'" Indeed, it was to Roosevelt that Israel Zangwill dedicated *The Melting Pot*, and the President enthusiastically and publicly praised the play on its opening night.

Feuer subjects to a devastating critique the psychoanalytic profiles of imperialists constructed by the critics of imperialism. He shows that the personalities of the builders and administrators of the British Empire did not exhibit the repressed, sadistic, and racist urges attributed to them by recent theorists, and by examining the personalities of leading anti-imperialists of the nineteenth century he suggests that these urges may be more characteristic of the enemies of imperialism than of its supporters. Anti-imperialists often expressed concerns that empire would result in racial mixture and degeneration; many leading anti-imperialists were anti-Semitic, and others were sexually abnormal.

In a concluding section, Feuer suggests the possibility of an American empire that would "try to solve the conflict of the world's races by admitting into its governing and administrative elite those of all races and nationalities who had high abilities." An American empire, in Feuer's view, would be a progressive and liberating substitute for and a challenge to the regressive and predatory imperialism of the Soviets as well as an emancipation from the terrorism, fanaticism, and barbarity of "backward Arab countries" and other Third World states.

There are, of course, weaknesses in Feuer's presentation. His recourse to a kind of armchair psychoanalysis to explain the anti-imperialist psyche is suggestive but can hardly be any more conclusive than the same technique applied by the opponents of imperialism. Nor does Feuer consider the costs of empire to the expanding society itself: Imperialism has often instigated internal political, economic, and cultural changes that undermine the institutional and moral fabric that sustains an empire. He also tends to neglect the very important and legitimate concerns for strategic and military defense against external enemies that motivated much British and Roman imperial expansion. In the nineteenth century it was less altruism than the need to protect the route to India around Africa, and later through Suez, that led the British to take the Cape Colony and Egypt. To protect the approaches to Egypt, they were led into East Africa. Whatever the virtues of progressive imperialism in civilizing other peoples, this kind of resolute attention to geostrategic self-interest is more salutary than the vacuous moralizing that appears to have predominated among American policy-makers in recent years.

Yet such flaws do not seriously mar this book. Professor Feuer supports his argument with a wealth of detailed and varied erudition, and the kind of imperialism he admires should be clear to even the most unsympathetic critic. □

VOICE OF THE MARTYRS

Joseph Sobran

Where Christ Still Suffers, by Richard Wurmbrand (Bridge Publishing, 160 pp., $2.95, paper)

Marx and Satan, by Richard Wurmbrand (Crossway, 143 pp., $5.95, paper)

THE COMMUNIST persecution of Christianity is the greatest scandal in the world today. It has been going on since 1917 and has ceased to be a serious topic of interest even in most of the free churches of the West. Communism seems to have more accomplices than critics among the Western clergy, while Christians are still imprisoned, tortured, and murdered by Communist regimes from Cuba to Poland to Vietnam.

By torture I mean beating, gouging out eyes, sexual mutilation, and forcing people to watch their children tortured and murdered. Sometimes Christians have been forced to torture and kill each other, producing agonies of betrayal and destruction of self-respect in addition to the physical pain.

It is not too much to say that these things are diabolical. If Aquinas has five proofs for God's existence, Communism offers mountains of evidence for Satan's. Yet the secularized West, including Christians, prefers not to acknowledge this dimension of Communism, horridly cruel and envious even in earthly terms, but instead observes a diplomatic inattention. Even conservatives prefer to frame their attacks on Communism in terms of milder "human-rights violations" and "economic failure." Maybe the truth is too unpleasant even for enemies of Communism; we prefer to sustain our enmity on terms more comfortable to ourselves, less demanding of effort and, yes, compassion. Eastern Christians must feel desolate and abandoned.

Richard Wurmbrand is a Lutheran pastor from Rumania who spent 14 years in prison for his faith. It takes a powerful faith not to think of those 14 years as wasted. But since his release to the West he has made up for lost time, preaching, writing books, and organizing help for the "Underground Church" of the East. His book *Tortured for Christ* has been printed in the millions. It is a shattering book that somehow fails to penetrate the decorous inattention of the West; if you read it you can never forget it, and yet you seldom hear about it.

Where Christ Still Suffers is another plea to Westerners to look and help. Wurmbrand writes with a relentless passion that never falls into simple emotionalism but is always thoughtful and informative. He describes the harrowing tortures, explains his own strategy and tactics, draws Scriptural analogies, philosophizes, tells uplifting anecdotes, reminisces, and gives practical advice. His book is so engrossing because it is so nearly unbearable. The agonies he describes are not only painful to read about, they are shaming reflections on people (like me) who thought they were doing enough by "opposing Communism."

But the book itself is hortatory, not accusatory. And it's a grab-bag of colorful oddities. One fascinating section tells how Wurmbrand has learned to recognize Communist infiltrators in his organization by their body language.

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I once watched a man who was probably an infiltrator walking down a street. He played the role of a sailor who had defected to Canada and was now allegedly converted after a history of brutality toward Christians. He did not walk like a man burdened by the memory of past sins, however. It was the proud walk of a youngster who knew he was successfully fulfilling a risky assignment. The Bible says that Ahab repented and walked softly.

"Dogs," he observes, "will not befriend traitors."

Moscow, at any rate, takes Wurmbrand seriously. He has been denounced in the Soviet press. If he were taken more seriously here, Soviet-American relations would suffer, and the Soviets wouldn't like that.

Wurmbrand urges Western Christians to become "co-martyrs," fellow-travelers with the suffering. It isn't much to ask. But how far our churches have strayed from the days when it was customary to speak of Communism as "godless" and "atheistic." It should be the business of Christians to see to it that the persecution of Christians is as prominently identified with Communism as the persecution of Jews is with Nazism.

In *Marx and Satan*, Wurmbrand offers circumstantial evidence that Marx, far from being a merely secular thinker, was a Satanist. Furthermore, he contends that Communism has at its core a strong Satanist component. I can't say he makes a conclusive case, but I think it would be rash to dismiss it. At any rate, he shows that Marxism has an obsessive hostility to religion, and its persecution of religion can't be written off as incidental to its supposed pursuit of social justice. In a perverse way, religion is more central to Communism than it is to many secularized churchmen, who seem to want to refine out of consciousness the sense of sacredness that Communism wants to crush.

Marx in his youth was a devout Christian. Stalin was a seminarian. Wurmbrand quotes some fascinating passages about Stalin from Kaganovich's unpublished diaries: "Many times Stalin spoke of religion as our most vicious enemy. . . . [Yet] he always talks with some veiled respect about God and religion. . . . For example, he never said directly there was no God." It may be as wrongheaded to write about Communism without reference to God as to write about St. Francis that way. □

FAIRIES AND PEAHENS

Jeffrey Meyers

The Collected Letters of W. B. Yeats, Volume I, 1865-1895, edited by John Kelly and Eric Domville (Oxford, 548 pp., $29.95)

IN THEIR LIVELY introduction, the editors convincingly state that Yeats's letters "offer an insight into a private self that was often hidden in public; they illuminate his literary development; and they chart the ways in which the larger intellectual, political, and social forces of his age helped to mold his consciousness and his creativity." The editors have found seven thousand Yeats letters, of which 350 (half published for the first time) appear in this volume, the first of 12. The excellent and exhaustive notes (about one-third of the text) and useful forty-page biographical and historical appendix compensate for the lack of a full-scale biography. The editors have also taken great care to reproduce Yeats's atrocious spelling and punctuation.

During the first thirty years of his life Yeats published several volumes of poetry, wrote his earliest plays, and edited William Blake's prophetic books. He believed "poetry should have a local habitation," felt Irish writers should express nationalist feelings for their country's use, helped found the National Literary Society, and brought out five anthologies of Irish poems, stories, and folk tales. Most of his letters concern his literary work and publishing business. He addresses a favorite correspondent as "Miss Tynan" in 1887, boldly shifts to "Katey" in 1889, and regresses to "Mrs. Hinkson" after her marriage in 1893.

Though London provided the research library at the British Museum, a host of cultivated people, and close contacts with editors and publishers, Yeats hated that "detestable cauldron" and felt nothing could "make amends for the loss of green field & mountain slope & for the tranquil hours of ones own country side." But he was moved by the dreamlike beauty of Oxford and exclaimed: "One almost expects the people to sing instead of speaking.

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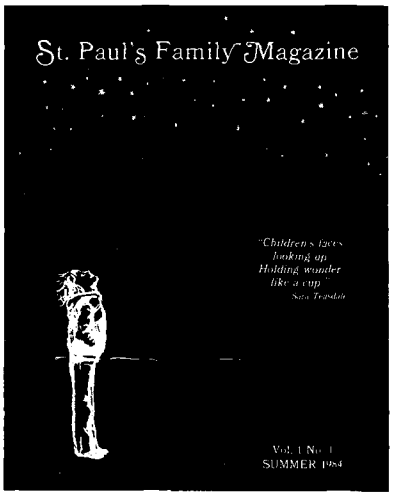

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LEFT OVER FROM JUNE: In *The Tug of War: The Battle for Italy, 1943-1945* (St. Martin's, $24.95), Dominick Graham and Shelford Bidwell provide an excellent account of the Allied operations against the forces of the German Commander, Albert Kesselring. The authors' stress falls upon the uncooperativeness and rivalry plaguing the coalition of American, British, Canadian, New Zealand, French, and Polish units throughout the twenty-month-long siege: what Graham and Bidwell call "the grit in the gearbox of coalition warfare."

☐ LAST JULY TITLES: In *Dreams Come Due: Government and Economics as if Freedom Mattered* (Simon & Schuster, $17.95), John Galt (the name is a pseudonym borrowed from Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged*) takes on the unfree market, product of the unfree state, and offers a paean to competition, free markets, and property rights ("the only natural rights human beings can have").

Entrepreneurs of the Old West (Knopf, $22.95), by David Dary, is an interesting history of the activities of the capitalists (outfitters, land speculators, town builders, storekeepers, and so forth) who followed on the heels of the explorers, pioneers, trappers, and soldiers who opened the American West.

☐ COMING IN AUGUST: *Brideshead Benighted* (Little, Brown, $16.95), by Auberon Waugh, is a collection of 83 of the author's weekly *Spectator* columns, written on a wide variety of subjects (the welfare state, the Modern Woman, lesbianism, racism, religion, law and order, the effeminization of the British male, etc.) and in a rakish style conveying bitter disgust and great outrage. "There are countless horrible things happening all over the country," Waugh concludes, "and horrible people prospering . . . but we must never allow them to . . . deflect us from our sacred duty to sabotage and annoy them wherever possible." . . . *Obbligati: Essays in Criticism* (Atheneum, $15.95), by Anthony Hecht, brings together an interesting assortment of literary essays on subjects ranging from *Othello* and *The Merchant of Venice* to Emily Dickinson (under pressure from the Calvinist revivalism of New England) to W. H. Auden (a poet preoccupied with religion), Elizabeth Bishop, Richard Wilbur, and Andrew Marvell. —CW

It is all—the colleges I meen—like an Opera." He was often pressed for money at the beginning of his career (down to three halfpence in December 1891) and hastened to finish one nocturnal letter before he ran out of candles: "I have only a little peice now about, going to come to an end. It will only last about five minutes at most and you know what a slow writer I am." His poetry in London was long premeditated, and he achieved inspiration only when "away in the country and easy in my mind."

Yeats told the skeptical revolutionary John O'Leary, who had identified a weakness at the core of the poet's work: "The mystical life . . . the flux and flow of spirits between man and the Unresolvable Mystery . . . is the centre of all that I do & all that I think & all that I write." He believed in Theosophy, spiritualism, second sight, séances, horoscopes, and Irish fairies—which "are not popular this side of the water, are considered unscientific."

He had no patience with reviewers who criticized his idealizations and tried to bring him back to reality. When the *Athenaeum* said he should represent the stupidity as well as the cleverness of the peasants, he pragmatically answered: "I wonder who would have read the book had I done so." When the *Freeman* objected that peahens do not dance, he loftily responded: "As to the poultry yards, with them I have no concern—The wild peahen dances or all Indian poets lie."

Yeats makes some amusing and perceptive observations on contemporary writers and their works. William Morris chases away little boys who play under his window but does not mind the parrot in his house "that keeps up a great noise whistling and sneizing and holding conversations with itself." Shaw is certainly very witty, "but like most people who have wit rather than humour, his mind is maybe somewhat wanting in depth." Maeterlinck touches "the nerves sometimes when he should touch the heart." When Stevenson praised "The Lake Isle of Innisfree," Yeats replied: "It is the liking or disliking of one's fellow craftsman, especially of those who have attained the perfect expression one does but grope for, which urges one to work on." And after Wilde's disgrace in 1895, Yeats expressed unusual sympathy for the hounded man and praised his courage: "He says he will stand it out & face the worst & no matter how it turns out work on."

Yeats's two love affairs during this period are merely hinted at in his letters. He twice proposed to the violent revolutionary, Maud Gonne, who acted the title role of *Cathleen ni Houlihan* and inspired his greatest love lyrics. They became lovers in 1910; he later made a vain proposal to her daughter. In 1895 he asked the married Olivia Shakespear (later the mother-in-law of Ezra Pound) to elope with him, but then decided to postpone their departure until the death of her mother. When the lady gave no sign of expiring, he again changed his mind, ordered a wide bed for his rooms, and, after a sexual failure caused by nerves, finally consummated the affair. ☐

FICTION

SMELLING THE GHOSTS

J. O. Tate

Rommel and the Rebel, by Lawrence Wells (Doubleday, 415 pp., $17.95)

WHAT, EARLY in World War II, were people to make of the sinister chivalry, the mysterious reputation, and the oddly compelling threat posed by Erwin Rommel, "the Desert Fox"? After all, it's not every day that Winston Churchill would say to the House of Commons, "We have a very daring and skillful opponent against us and, may I say across the havoc of war, a great general." Perhaps the prime minister shouldn't have been so gallant as to speak the truth publicly; indeed, General Auchinleck once instructed his commanders and chiefs of staff to quit using Rommel's name: "There exists a danger that our friend Rommel is becoming a kind of magician or bogeyman to our troops, who are talking too much about him. . . . Even if he were a superman, it would still be highly undesirable that our men should credit him with supernatural powers." How much further could glory extend than so to dominate the imagination of the enemy, like Hannibal, like Napoleon? Rommel's honor survived the war intact, and the Field Marshal was soon to be the subject of an admiring biography by Desmond Young and the popular movie derived from it.

But what was the source, the secret

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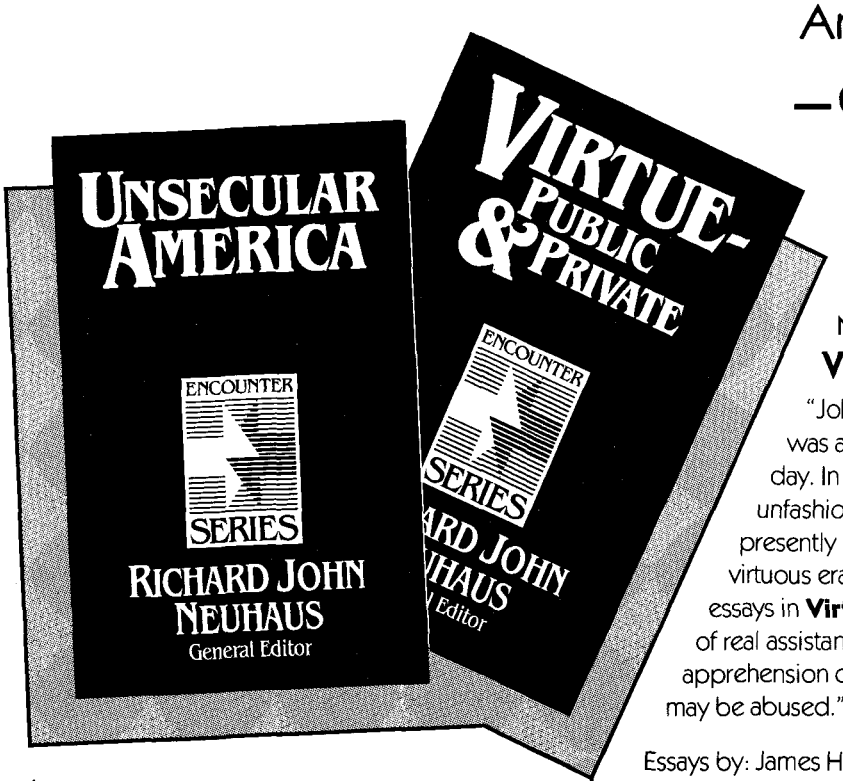

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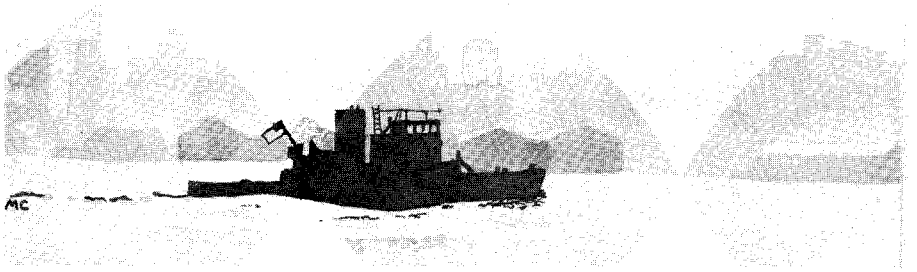
of Rommel's wily ability on the battlefield? Though Rommel had already distinguished himself in the First World War, there were those in America in the early Forties who thought they knew the answer. Rommel's audacity and poise, his on-the-spot flexibility and aggressiveness, his uncanny *Fingerspitzengefühl*, seemed familiar from the story of another great soldier, the Confederate "cavalryman"—a leader of mounted infantry, more like—Nathan Bedford Forrest. Rommel appeared to be a Forrest *redivivus*; so that Robert Selph Henry, in his *"First with the Most" Forrest* (1944), felt obliged to deny rumors that Rommel had ever visited America or studied Forrest's stamping grounds in person.

Rommel and Forrest seemed a natural pairing; and now Lawrence Wells —taking off from a 1937 newspaper clipping about a visit by five German military dignitaries to Mississippi and the battlefield of Brices Cross Roads—improves on history by supposing that Rommel, incognito, was one of the five.

In taking Rommel on an American tour, Mr. Wells does not miss opportunities for amusing juxtapositions: The future Field Marshal walks through Harlem, for instance, where he is accosted by a "ho'," who makes him think: "*A farm implement? I thought she was a prostitute. She does not look like an agricultural worker, though she is sturdy enough.*" Rommel gets mugged in Central Park. But the author has more on his mind than pastiche, as may be seen when Rommel observes an on-site re-enactment of the third day at Gettysburg. There, with unnatural naturalness, Rommel confronts "a young Union lieutenant with mutton-chop whiskers and a waxed mustache. For an instant it seemed as if a grinning nineteenth-century ghost had come to recruit him." But the greater ghost is yet to come.

The young American Max Speigner is the witness and translator who attends, with Rommel, a recounting of Forrest's "running of Streight" and who accompanies him on a tour of the scene of Forrest's masterpiece, Brices Cross Roads, which Rommel and Speigner survey by motorcycle in a vivid re-creation of that remarkable battle—a dramatization of Rommel's identification with Forrest. And Speigner is there when Rommel goes off to Rowan Oak to drink with the author



of *Sanctuary* and play a nocturnal game of tennis with him. Speigner accompanies Rommel and Faulkner as they explore the terrain and lore of Shiloh.

In the second part of this novel, Max Speigner becomes more an actor in history than an observer of it. He is drawn into the British war against the Afrika Korps before Pearl Harbor, as an expert on Rommel. He is able to anticipate the mind of the general, who so appreciated the technique and mystique of Forrest. Forrest and Rommel and Speigner are conjoined in interlocking intuitions, a military mysticism that leads Speigner to capture Rommel, only to be captured in return.

Speigner has the greatest respect for Rommel: but a Scottish correspondent leads him to see an enveloping truth, which he tells Rommel himself:

> . . . Your style is to fight fair. Your fairness is legend. You are a hero to the Eighth Army, did you know that? They have an expression for chivalry in battle. They call it "doing a Rommel." Your fairness is what makes you dangerous. Both sides respect you. You make war honorable, so that all the rest—Hitler's persecution of Jews and Free French and Poles, the camps where civilians are interned—all of that can go on.

Similarly, when he captures a German soldier, Speigner understands a truth about Forrest that takes the form of a fantasy about slavery:

> And now he's mine. . . . He belongs to me. . . . But he's not for sale. I'm taking him back to Mississippi after the war, and we're going to plant cotton, and sell it down the river at Vicksburg, and maybe build a railroad together.

So, within this fiction, the Lost Cause of Forrest and the *Verlorene Sache* of Rommel are seen in context, but a context that does not wholly limit the expansive awareness of mystery and mastery attaching to those two illustrious names.

Rommel and the Rebel is not only highly imaginative but also deeply imagined, rich with color, humor, exotic atmosphere, and elective affinities. It is also distinguished for its strong hold on strength itself, for its sense of "the other" without which the sense of self turns mushy. And it pictures with utterly idiomatic authority a great novelist—Faulkner, who was keenly aware of Nathan Bedford Forrest.

Lawrence Wells has resourcefully articulated a vision that sometimes teases with phantom comparisons. His Max Speigner has a little in common with Horace Benbow, and with Quentin Compson, of whom Faulkner wrote in *Absalom, Absalom!* ". . . His very body was an empty hall echoing with sonorous defeated names. . . . He was a barracks filled with stubborn backlooking ghosts. . . ." There are Faulknerian echoes along with Faulkner's presence, as when this fictive Faulkner asks, referring to Shiloh, "Smell the ghosts?" So, too, the ending of Mr. Wells's novel may suggest to others, as it does to me, that Lawrence Wells, related to Faulkner by marriage, is kin to him in other ways as well. □

LOOKING BACK

WHO WAS ROY CAMPBELL?

Thomas P. McDonnell

THE ADVENTURER and romanticist Roy Campbell (1901-57), born in Durban, South Africa, and killed in a car crash in Portugal, is today the most forgotten of the poets who were in their ascendancy between the two World Wars. James Dickey has said that he now and then likes to read the good bad poets, and that Roy Camp-

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bell is one of his favorites in this bleak category. But you will not find even the few best of Roy Campbell's poems in any of the modern anthologies. Edith Sitwell's *The Atlantic Book of British and American Poetry* (1958) was perhaps the last major exception.

There are any number of reasons for this critical amnesia, but the political motivation outweighs all others: Campbell was simply on the "wrong" side of the Spanish Civil War. Our half-century-later perspective on that bitter rehearsal for World War II reveals just how pernicious both sides were in the struggle for ideological dominance. Nonetheless, the intellectualoids of the Left have never forgiven Roy Campbell's refusal to endorse, in those days, the dawn of a new age.

The poetical rationale for the rejection of Roy Campbell is similar to the political one. He wrote in traditional forms—used rhyme, of all things, and meter—and seldom elected to express himself in the approved alienated manner. Like the psalmists, Campbell was one of the great praisers of creation. He was also skilled in such proofs of physical prowess as deep-sea fishing, horsemanship, and bull-fighting—a little exhausting for the academicians and, in any case, showing a lack of the requisite sensitivity. In short, Roy Campbell was found wanting in just about every liberal category.

There is no question that Campbell wrote lines that are an embarrassment, but far more gifted poets than he have suffered such lapses—the idiocies of Shelley, for example, are resplendent—and the best of Campbell's poems certainly qualify as entries for the best anthologies. Campbell also wrote some of the most effective polemical verse since Alexander Pope; indeed, this is something else for which he has not been forgiven. Crowning all are his translations of St. John of the Cross, Baudelaire, and Lorca, not to be gainsaid by anyone.

Campbell's most accomplished volumes of poetry were *Adamastor* (1930) and *Flowering Reeds* (1933), whose freshness of locale and originality he was not to surpass. His first success was *The Flaming Terrapin* (1924), which, it is hard to believe, caused a transatlantic flurry of excitement sixty years ago, but which ought hardly to be mentioned today. In the age of *Star Wars*, what are we to make of the world seen as a kind of celestial ark being dragged through space by an overheated turtle? Let's leave it, discreetly, at that.

The Georgiad (1933)—a screed in heroic couplets against the Georgian poets—is something else, for here is a work ideally suited to Campbell's tone, temper, and purpose. It is the *Dunciad* of our time and shares with Pope's great satire something of its questionable taste. But if Pope demolished a few poetasters as would-be rivals, nobody now cries that they were intemperately quashed. The difficulty is that some of Campbell's targets were far better poets than he, and poets moreover who have robustly survived his naughtiest couplets:

Inspire me, Fun, and set my fancy gliding.
I'll be your Graves and you my Laura Riding. . . .
Let us commune together, soul with soul,
And of our two half-wits compound a whole.

One cannot agree with Dame Edith Sitwell (his outstanding critical supporter) that the satires are the most forgettable part of Campbell's poetry. At least he forsook in them the often florid rhetoric of the lyrics; he was more direct and assumed a more natural voice. The wit of satire takes easily to rhyme and makes it, if not more tolerant, then surely more tolerable.

Roy Campbell wrote half a dozen lyrics that must stand with any in the genre of nature poetry. One of his superb realizations is "To a Pet Cobra," in which Campbell engages a rare and intimate empathy with the cobra that makes D. H. Lawrence's encounter with a drinking snake look placid by comparison. Nor, in Lawrence's "Snake," is there any image so compelling as Campbell's "Where death upon those dainty hinges hangs."

Still, Campbell and Lawrence—so disparate in other ways—shared a not always attractive aspect of primitivism. At its least objectionable, this was simply an atmosphere associated with primal origins and with that first order of creation which was present before we came to inhabit the planet. It is the mood evoked by Lawrence's "River Roses" and most magnificently by Campbell's "Horses on the Camargue":

. . . the silver runaways of Neptune's car
Racing, spray-curbed, like waves before the wind,
Sons of the Mistral, fleet
As him with whose strong gusts they love to flee,
Who shod the flying thunders on their feet
And plumed them with the snortings of the sea.

Campbell's incandescent sonnet "The

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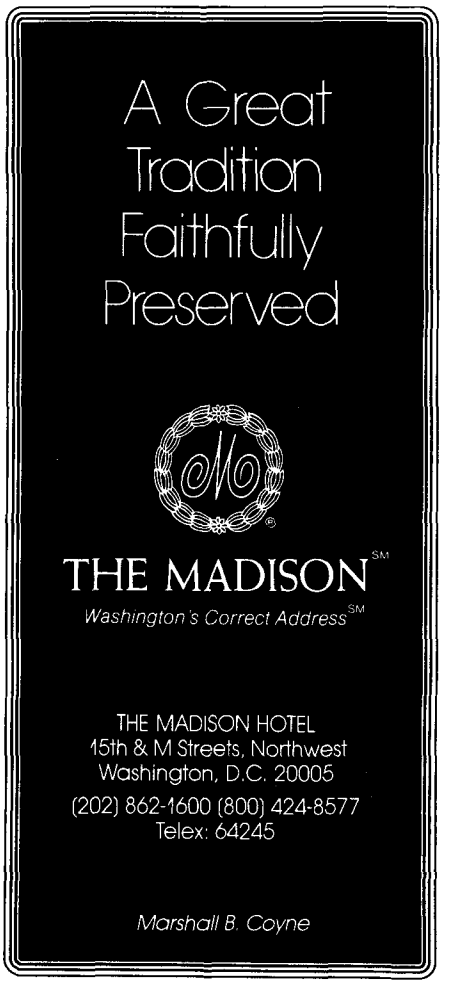

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Zebras," once widely anthologized, has fallen into disfavor. But it is hard to understand why poems as compassionate as "The Serf" and "The Zulu Girl," which anticipate stirrings of the African emergence, should be ignored.

In the end it was excessive that Dame Edith should have dubbed Roy Campbell "a true Knight of Our Lady," etc. His principle of life was a form of activism that may be most fully appreciated in his autobiography, *Light on a Dark Horse* (1952), with its infrequent number of moments recollected in tranquillity. But we should not expect a cerebral order of poetry from a man who fought with his guitar slung on his back or who could ride a horse against an armored train in the manner of a latter-day Quixote assaulting the windmills of Spain.

Roy Campbell delighted in "firing a golden fusillade of words" into the salons and drawing rooms of literary England. He was also fortunate enough to have celebrated the beauty of the natural world at a time when so little of it was despoiled. One might have wished that the gift of self-laughter had had a greater part in both himself and his poetry. But, then, that would be to wish for someone other than the flamboyant figure who was Roy Campbell. □

TELEVISION

NEED HELP? CALL NIETZSCHE

Terry Teachout

EVERYTHING GOOD (and bad) about television is stolen. This includes what TV insiders fondly refer to as "innovations." NBC's *Miami Vice*, for example, is a jazzed-up retread of Raymond Chandler, *film noir* with the strobe lights on and the saxophones up. But *Miami Vice* still comes across as passably fresh, and its phenomenal success among the baby-boomers has caused the other networks to scramble wildly for clones.

So far all but one of *Miami Vice*'s imitators have vanished without a trace in the lower third of the Nielsens, the Bermuda Triangle of commercial television. The sole exception to this gaudy series of flops is *The Equalizer*, an ingenious attempt by CBS to apply the techniques used by the producers of *Miami Vice* to a show filmed on location in New York and aimed at a slightly older audience. (One suspects that the real audience for *Miami Vice* is not so much baby-boomers as their pubescent children.) But while *Miami Vice* deals in glittering tales of the rich and venal, *The Equalizer* is about a far more commonplace subject: the fear of random violence that lurks in the heart of every city dweller. *The Equalizer*, for all its trendy glossiness, appeals directly and powerfully to the dark muse of urban paranoia.

The main title montage shown at the beginning of each episode plunges the viewer directly into roiling chaos. Over a churning electronic soundtrack, we see a jerkily edited sequence of New York nightmares. A young woman unsuccessfully attempts to board a subway car at Columbus Circle and a punk slithers out from behind a column as the train pulls away. A man pounds frantically on the door of a telephone booth as a big black car screeches toward him. One stark image bears down savagely upon the next. All at once the soothing image of a man in deep shadow fills the screen. He is The Equalizer, the Nietzschean superman come to make safe the mean streets of the Big Apple.

The gentleman in question is Robert McCall, an aging but dapper fellow with a British accent who has retired from what is obviously the CIA to do penance for a career littered with the uneasy memories of too many terminations with extreme prejudice. McCall advertises every morning in the classified section of a New York newspaper ("ODDS AGAINST YOU? NEED HELP? CALL THE EQUALIZER"). His clients are average Manhattanites, most of them young, who find themselves embroiled in situations so horrifying that even the police, despite their *pro forma* hostility to his activities, are not above discreetly suggesting from time to time that a call to The Equalizer might not be out of place.

The dream of the *Ubermensch* as urban savior has always gone over big in America. Superman fantasies can be easily found in the hard-boiled detective novel, many of our movies, and most of our comic books. But television, from *Dragnet* to *Hill Street Blues*, has generally preferred to let duly appointed authorities clean up the streets. It's all right to be a maverick, a cop with an independent streak, but a current institutional affiliation in reasonably good standing is almost always a must. Shows that posit the helplessness of the police in the face of urban crime have never been popular on American television, which prefers to reassure rather than frighten. So it is intriguing that each episode of *The Equalizer* should enact the desperate notion that the center cannot hold without the occasional benign intervention of a fearless vigilante. ("It is not your ability to arrest them," McCall tells an irate policeman in one episode. "It is your ability to *hold* them that is in question.")

The inherent dourness of this concept, not to mention the utter preposterousness of a retired secret agent going into the knight-errant business, is made palatable in *The Equalizer* by an infusion of high stylishness. Edward Woodward plays the title role with panache and humor, and the show's writers bring an equally light touch to the part. Robert McCall may be the Dirty Harry of Manhattan, but he is also a genial, rather finicky Englishman who is susceptible to head colds. His squad of part-time operatives (all of them moonlighting from contract work with the CIA) is eccentric in the extreme. The scripts are intelligently written and crisply directed, the cinematography handsome; the casting impeccable. Stewart Copeland, drummer for the Police, contributes a synthesized background score to each episode that makes Jan Hammer's music for *Miami Vice* sound like *ersatz* rock by a Holiday Inn lounge band. Considered solely as an exercise in upscale entertainment, *The Equalizer* is hard to beat.

But the heart of the matter, week after week, is the problem of maintaining order in a seemingly mad world. One particularly striking episode dealt with a group of terrorists who invaded the ballroom of a New York hotel where a wedding was taking place. There was no "sophisticated" ambiguity. The terrorists were not wholly unsympathetic, but they were ruthless

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Agnès Varda was a still photographer before she made films, and there is, even though she is not her own cinematographer here, an extraordinary sense of composition in frame after frame. Sometimes the settings themselves are lovely, but even when they are not, the camera can extract a cool elegance from the mundane, the impoverished, the desolate. And it is against that dignity of the visual that the tawdriness or shabbiness of so many lives registers as particularly harrowing.

For even those people who have good reasons to be satisfied, if not happy, are able to conjure up, regardless of social class, some form of strain and discontent. Only a mild and meditative master of philosophy, who chucked it all to go into sheepherding with his young wife, seems to be at peace with the world and himself; but when Mona says that with his academic credentials she wouldn't be where he or she is, we cannot help sympathizing with her. Yet if the philosophical shepherd is hard to comprehend, Mona is even more so: How can someone so indifferent and indolent have elected a life where survival requires so much exertion?

The film, for all the nebulousness at its center, is greatly helped by the

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

ONE OF THE many implications of a front-page story in the *New York Times* ("U.S. Set to Act on Mexico Border Drug Flow"—June 26) is that the border crisis has already reached such proportions that important but secondary questions—Are illegal aliens good for the economy? Do illegal immigrants contribute to a pluralistic society? Should America, as a "nation of immigrants," continue to encourage immigration (whether legal or illegal)?—have been rendered positively academic in the face of what is recognizably a problem no longer of "immigration" but of outright invasion.

According to the *Times* writer, the Treasury Department, spurred finally to action by the tremendous influx of illegals since the beginning of the year and appalled by the correspondent increase in murder and drug-smuggling episodes, is planning on spending upwards of $250 million over the next few years on equipment and personnel, if not literally to seal off the border, then at least to reduce the flow of invaders to tolerable numbers. It is a first and welcome sign that the U.S. Government, to date unable to pass legislation adequate to the crisis, can yet respond administratively (and in a direct manner that is preferable to the indirections, tergiversations, and compromises of Simpson-Mazzoli) to a threat so immediate that the long-term strategic danger posed by the Soviet Union pales in comparison.

The winter 1986 number of *Strategic Review*, the quarterly publication of the United States Strategic Institute (777 14th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005; $3.75), is devoted to an article by Sol Sanders (a veteran reporter and former editor of *Business Week*) entitled "Mexican Immigration: Specter of a Fortress America?" in which he has anticipated the problems to which Treasury is now preparing to respond. After considering the history of American immigration to the Southwest since the nineteenth century, Sanders concludes:

> . . . Mexican immigration to the United States is a function both of the "push" of Mexican conditions and the "pull" of conditions in the United States. In the past, however, the level of emigration has been dictated largely by the "push" of conditions in Mexico. . . . looking back to the Mexican rebellion of 1910-1924—and to the enormous immigration flow it triggered in the face of much greater obstacles than exist today—what would happen in a new period of instability in Mexico? Would Washington wake up one morning, after the first shots had been fired in a new upheaval in Mexico, to find literally millions of refugees swarming across the poorly defended U.S. border?

That upheaval in Mexico is highly likely is doubted by no one. Some months ago I spoke with a congressional aide who, having just emerged shaken from a (closed) hearing on the subject of Mexico, described that hearing as one of the most depressing experiences he had ever been subjected to. According to Sanders, a representative of one of the international Jewish welfare organizations has reported that he is approached constantly by non-Jewish upper-middle-class Mexican friends eager for news about the fears and intentions of the Mexican Jewish minority. ("The Jews have a nose for catastrophe," one of these friends explained, "and I want to know what they are doing.")

In 1910 the population of Mexico stood at 15 million; by 1970 it had reached 63 million; today it is 80 million; by the year 2000 it is projected to reach 100 million (a low estimate) or 126 million (still a reasonable figure). Today, more than half the people of Mexico are under 15 years of age; in 1979 the average per-capita income was $1,640, or one-tenth that of the U.S.; 37 to 45 per cent of the labor force appears to be unemployed as enormous numbers of Mexicans come of age. These factors, added to the historical fact of a porous border, ensure that, barring appropriate measures taken by the U.S. Government, substantial to overwhelming numbers of Mexican emigrants—latterly from a more Indian, less assimilable background than earlier arrivals, staying longer (perhaps permanently), and moving outward from their agricultural beachheads into the economy at large—will be slipping uninvited into our midst.

Why should this be a matter of concern to us? In the first place, because every illegal who comes across the Rio Grande is committing an act, as it were, of theft; an overt form of aggression. For another, Mexico is a barrier between the U.S. and the current upheavals in Central America. "Yet, the fragile fabric of Mexico's economic and political society is very much prey to developments in the larger Central American environment. What would happen if regional conflagration were to spill into Mexico itself—especially a conflagration fueled and exploited by the outside forces that are active today in Nicaragua, El Salvador, and elsewhere in the region? We may recall Fidel Castro's innovative and cynical use of refugees as a weapons system against the United States in the exodus from Mariel in 1980. What would happen in the event of an immensely magnified Mexican version of such a stratagem?" □

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and manipulative villains nonetheless. When McCall singlehandedly killed off the lot of them at the very end of the show, the desire to cheer was palpable. Justice had been done.

Which says something very interesting about the people who watch *The Equalizer*. The show is clearly aimed at a sophisticated audience of baby-boomers, and the assumption that this audience would appreciate so straightforwardly moralistic a dénouement is a telling one. The baby-boomers, despite their notoriously touchy consciences, are still looking for simple answers to complex questions, and commercial television has long been in the business of supplying them. *The Equalizer* caters gracefully to subway-riding boomers who wonder nervously when their turn to be mugged will come up. Nothing stimulates the desire for order quite like advancing age. □

FILM

ENDS AND BEGINNINGS

John Simon

ONCE AGAIN the Europeans are ahead of us. Even if Agnès Varda's *Vagabond* does not measure up to the masterpieces of the cinema, compared to what is around these days, it is at least an attempt to deal with a serious subject in an adult manner. Called in France *Sans Toit ni loi* (*Without Roof or Law*), it is the story of an 18-year-old drifter, Mona, found frozen to death in a ditch near Nîmes during an unusually cold winter in the south of France. Well, not so much her story as a pseudo-documentary of the last months of her life, told partly from her point of view and partly from the vantage points of the people she came in contact with. The film begins and ends with her corpse; in between, it tells us a good deal, though not quite enough.

Mona, whose motto is "Alone is good," has left her office work and despised petit-bourgeois parents in order to wander around the roads of Provence, occasionally doing odd jobs, or sponging and chiseling as best she can. She is not unattractive, and sometimes offers sex in exchange for creature comforts; all she needs is food, cigarettes, a place to sleep, and, if possible, her bit of pot. Sometimes she abuses people, sometimes she is abused, even raped; but, unsentimental almost to the point of stolidity, she is pleased enough with her mangy existence, her few belongings and fewer baths. When people are good to her, she may be as nice to them as her basic indolence allows, but without really opening up; when they are not (and sometimes even when they are), she can be pretty beastly, too.

The point of the film, however, is not so much Mona herself as the widely differing reactions she elicits from others. If for Stendhal the novel was a mirror in the roadway, the protagonist performs that function for Miss Varda. With her emotional minimalism, Mona brings out sympathy, envy, disgust, yearning, greed, even love in others, some of whom are concisely revealed. But she herself remains a cipher—or a mirror, which is a fine thing to be for a novel, but not for a heroine. As a result, a woman ecologist who takes Mona in for a short while, and a Tunisian guest worker in the vineyards who takes her in longer and genuinely cares for her (but must give her up when his fellow workers object), and several other characters emerge as more interesting than Mona, which unbalances the movie. Especially so since there is not enough time for developing these many secondary characters, and too much time for *not* developing her.

Can a young girl be such a near-perfect blank? Are we supposed to sympathize with her anyway? Is society to blame, or are some people born to be misfits? These are challenging, even if hardly new, questions, but Miss Varda refuses to answer them. Very well, an artist need not answer questions but must at any rate pose them better, more probingly, than this. Miss Varda is not much of a scriptwriter, and certain key scenes were left to improvisation—unsuccessfully, as is almost always the case with that tricky device. What, then, is good about *Vagabond*?

First, the atmosphere, the sense of subdued hopelessness: Many people are good, only a few are bad, but there is so little help one person can extend to another. Then, the beauty of nature.

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presence of Sandrine Bonnaire. Though not much of an actress, as she proved in *A nos Amours*, she is just right for Mona. She is the same age as the character, not pretty but not homely either. She has one of those very French, large-browed, oblong faces, prematurely canny, with beady eyes too close to a potato nose, yet capable of coming childishly, fetchingly, alive as well as lapsing into childishly implacable defiance. A face, in short, that can merge with its humdrum surroundings or take on the seductiveness of inner joy—or of someone else's desire projected onto it.

Finally, this is a film about the evanescence of things. Even as the colors are mostly sober, comely but sucked dry by winter, so lives are etiolated by something from within. Dutch elm disease is destroying the trees, and an ailment no less fatal gnaws at the souls. There is something heart-rending about the way Mona deteriorates—about how her clothes keep getting more and more dilapidated, about how her boots become progressively mere leather rags cumbrously trailing behind her, and, especially, about the seeming insentience with which she accepts coming apart at the seams. True, by definition, apathy is not pathetic; but that does not stop it from being tragic—at the very least tragically wasteful. It is her former imperviousness to deprivation that makes Mona's whimpers, when they finally ambush her (and us), seem like tragic outcries with only the sound turned down.

SPRING SYMPHONY is the best written, best directed, and best played (musically as well as histrionically) film about a composer—indeed, two composers—that I have seen to date. I must add that this is not quite the high praise it sounds like, composers having in the main been served rather poorly on screen. And what happens to them in American movies had best be forgotten immediately. It is thus that the German director Peter Schamoni comes out on top fairly easily with *Spring Symphony*, about Robert and Clara Schumann. Schamoni, who also wrote the script, follows history with reasonable fidelity and honestly captures the fanaticism, hard-to-live-with intransigence, and egocentricity of the artist, composer or other. He is wise to end his film shortly after Robert and Clara's marriage, after the loving relationship made turbulent chiefly by the bitter opposition of Friedrich Wieck, Clara's father and Robert's mentor, seems to reach the stage foretold in Robert's letter to Clara of April 13, 1838: "We shall indeed lead a life of poetry and blossoms, and we will play and compose together like angels, and bring gladness to mankind." Schamoni, however, sounds a note of powerful and ominous irony in the last line as he cuts off his happily ending tale.

I have no idea how much of Wieck's fierce resistance, which climaxed in an ugly lawsuit, was motivated by ambition and greed, how much by sound paternal concern (Schumann did, after all, go insane from syphilis at age 44, to die in an institution two years later), and how much by a barely repressed incestuous passion. The film sensibly restricts itself to clues without conclusions. And, not limited to biographical matters, it manages to explore cogently the problems the artist has with society and vice versa. Even when the dialogue is not brilliant, as is often enough the case, it is credible and avoids those terrible gaffes, frequent in such films, that have the cognoscenti rolling on the floor.

There is, moreover, a good period sense to the looks and manners of the film as it moves back and forth between Leipzig and other points in Germany, Austria, and France. And it is nice to see as well as hear Gidon Kremer as Paganini, and to listen on the soundtrack to the likes of Wilhelm Kempf, Wolfgang Sawallisch, and the Staatskapelle Dresden, as well as, somewhat more questionably, to Ivo Pogorelich and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, among others.

The acting is consistently good or better. Herbert Grönemeyer may be a

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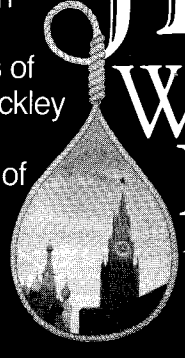

HIGH JINX

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trifle ponderous as Schumann, but at least he doesn't prettify or sentimentalize; Nastassja Kinski gives probably her best performance so far. Only briefly does she display such highly touted talents as her gift for languages (here French) and her bosom; and, acting in German, which still comes easier to her than English, she is a highly spontaneous, aggressive as well as feelingful, Clara. As the young Clara, Anja-Christine Preussler brilliantly suggests a child who possesses, and is possessed by, genius. And Rolf Hoppe's performance as Wieck is alone worth fifty *Amadeus*es and roughly nine and a half Oscars. It is all subtlety, complexity, ferociously reined-in intensity, without a single facile shortcut, a moment's easy overemphasis. Only one other actor I can think of—Ralph Richardson—could get such reverberations from understatement. □

THE GIMLET EYE

ANTI-APARTHEID CIRCUS

D. Keith Mano

THEY COME marching up Sixth Avenue, placard after cardboard placard high overhead, like a compliant stream of leaf-cutter ants. North, through the ritzy, blue-white afternoon, weather to subvert a government with.

WHAT DO WE WANT?
FREEDOM!
WHEN DO WE WANT IT?
NOW!

A camping song, your radical equivalent of "Ninety-Nine Bottles of Beer on the Wall." Horn music is hi-dehoing around. Black, green, and red balloons tug up. ANNIHILATE BOTHA. TIME FOR THE BALLOT IS OVER, TIME FOR THE BULLET IS NOW. Children are shoved ahead in strollers, sharing some quality picket-line time with mom and dad. Older, magenta-rinse women, too: each, it would seem, with her liberal-issue Channel 13 tote bag. HANDS OFF ANGOLA. NO INTERVENTION IN HAITI. Their fine, summer spirits are almost alcoholic. Thirty-five thousand and more picnicking against apartheid: in either sense they'll have a field day here. Striding toward Central Park, where the moral high ground lies.

It is so damned *easy* to be against apartheid. Ka-rize, even I am. The issue goes down smoother than air broth in any American burg. Not since their grand anti-nuke demo (which was about four times as large) have liberals had a cause so unassailable. How, I ask, can anyone be *pro*-apartheid? There isn't even appropriate language for it. What would you say, SAVE THE BOERS—and hope to pass it off as a wildlife issue? Or,

WHAT DO WE WANT?
CONSTRUCTIVE ENGAGEMENT!
WHEN DO WE WANT IT?
LATER . . .

The White House grub who thought that phrase up should be wrapped by Christo and sent, *Luftpost*, to Vapid City, Arkansas. Constructive engagement won't even fit on a poster. Vietnam was bad enough, but at least conservatives had countervailing rhetoric: you could say you were against the Communist takeover in Southeast Asia. No wonder liberals are full of steroid euphoria here. They've found a way to embarrass Reagan and get some exercise as well. That hasn't happened often of late. Man, it is good to be *right* for once.

Mind you, I'm reviewing the more prudent battalion of human digits. This one met at safe, exclusive UN Plaza. Quite another contingent is creeping down from an anthill in the black township of Harlem. Can't expect liberal Caucasian folk to foregather up there: concernedness and self-preservation are sometimes mutually exclusive, as any white South African could've told you. This long prong of compassion is more middle-class than a balloon mortgage. Doctor, writer, teacher. Episcopalians at their Saturday worship. Actor and graduate student. BIRACIAL FAMILIES AGAINST APARTHEID. People from Cleveland and a Staten Island Socialist Union, from Progressive Israel, from Columbia Law, from the parking-meter collectors' guild (more hated than Pieter Botha). And, in passing, they all turn to boo me. They shake fists. Has it come to this: have I finally developed a conservative face? No, I have not. I've been standing, I realize, in front of the Exxon Building. EXXON LEAVE SOUTH AFRICA. Another pointed stick in the eye of my self-esteem.

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And anti-apartheid is a flag of convenience for 15 different socio-anarcho-syndicalist splinter cells. Each has rushed out at least one newspaper with FORGE THE BOLSHEVIK PARTY IN SOUTH AFRICA or some such gorp as lead item. They want U.S. divestiture *because* it would bring economic distress to blacks: revolution, not constructive engagement. I pay 25¢ for a 12-page Spartacist potholder. "That's why Trotsky is so relevant here. This is a trade-union movement, a proletarian workers' movement, not guerrilla warfare." I say, I'm with NATIONAL REVIEW. "What?" he goes. "You made me waste my time?" *Waste?* I say: I gave you a quarter like I would to any organ-grinder's monkey, and your organ grinder is dead.

They loll in left-of-Central Park now, not much grass-root movement here, with Scotch cooler and plastic-strung chaise. It's beach-blanket bingo and joy. White folk show solidarity with Nelson Mandela by building a tan. Ten dozen Port-O-Sans have taken the liberal leak. Police are bored: these people need protection from their own self-righteousness and not much else. Loudspeakers, each bigger than my clawfoot sofa, play awareness jive from the bandshell half a mile off. Never has any massacre been commemorated with more banquet glee. But this is June, campaigning month, before the compassionate pack their concern for East Hampton. I don't stay to see which important political figures will show up. They will all show up.

And, in a peculiar nation far away,

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the unruly darkness frets. South Africa will survive this worldwide gloating observance of Soweto. Repressive measures, severe and vile, are justified, no doubt: the social cloth is too rotted for a democratic reweaving now. But international public opinion will only be content when Tutu, Mandela, whoever are put in prison at the pleasure of other black men. It is human nature, somehow, to want repression by one's peers. And in that time a new order of boat people will set out. Their craft may be sleek and well appointed. But someone, nonetheless, will have to pick them up. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Wiseguy: Life in a Mafia Family, by Nicholas Pileggi (Simon & Schuster, 256 pp., $17.95)

NOT ALL the crooks in New York City are politicians. In fact, some of them are not even registered Democrats. A lot of them belong to the Mafia, which does indeed exist, despite Mario Cuomo's protestations to the contrary, and which operates most of the rackets not already controlled by the Democratic machine. "Wiseguy" Henry Hill is the best-connected hood to sing since Joe Valachi blew the lid off the mob in the early Sixties. Hill was involved in, among other capers, the Boston College basketball point-shaving scandal and the $6-million Lufthansa heist, the largest successful cash robbery in U.S. history. Unlike Valachi, Hill was not a "made" Mafia soldier, probably because of his Irish ancestry, and so never took the oath of honor, but he was involved in organized crime ever since he started skipping school at the age of 12 to hang out at Paulie Vario's cab stand in the Brownsville-East New York section of Brooklyn. After testifying under the Federal Witness Protection program in several successful prosecutions against his former colleagues, Hill told his story to veteran journalist Nicholas Pileggi. Hill's narrative takes over the book. He is shocking in his candor and matter-of-factness in describing murder, assault, extortion, and arson as "business." Although it does not cast as much light on the organizational structure of the "New Mob" as Valachi's story did on the structure of the old, the book gives a clearer idea of what life as a hood is really like. Hill now lives somewhere in the United States and often comes back to New York to testify in mob cases. Now if there were only a Witness Protection Program for Democratic politicians. STEPHEN WEEKS

The Eternal You, by Carroll E. Simcox (Crossroad, 192 pp., $7.95)

THE REV. Carroll Simcox's books have a way of flowing one from another. In this, his 17th published volume, he picks up one of the threads from *Prayer, the Divine Dialogue* (1985), and spins it out in quite a different way. He calls the new book a "theme with variations," and true to the musical form he has borrowed, he begins with a statement of the theme in full brass: ". . . a conviction, a passionate intuition . . . [that] you, I, all human beings, indeed all things animate and inanimate, visible and invisible, are eternal." His clue comes from a Wordsworth poem that speaks of belief "ripening into faith, and faith become a passionate intuition." Since matters like resurrection, eternity, and infinity do not fall into the provable-fact category, Simcox believes the proper place to go for guidance is the inspired intuition of the poets, rather than the arguments and guesses of theologians. Each of the 17 brief chapters is a variation on the theme of existence in the eternal mind of God. His chapter on "Musements" is a short, poetic (and illuminating) restatement of the final deduction he arrives at in the book on prayer. In "Relaxing about Antinomies" he handles the problem of roadblocks, the reconciliation of seeming contradictions that have bothered us all, in typical Simcox fashion: "There came a point in my life when I could hear God saying to me something that came through in our primitive tellurian vernacular as this: 'I wish you'd leave all this reconciling of things to me, since you are so hopelessly unequipped for it, and that you would use whatever influence you have with your fellow fussers and worriers to persuade them to do likewise. I know what I'm doing. I'll go over it all with you when you get Home . . .'" H. N. KELLEY

To the author in search of a publisher

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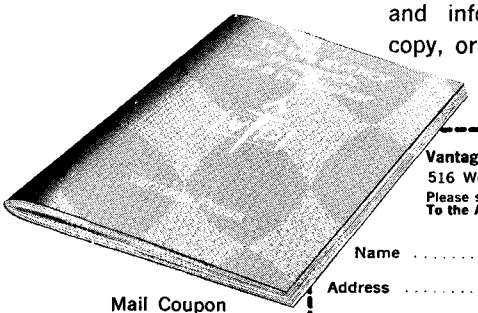

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MR. CARTER

NEW YORK, JULY 14

JIMMY CARTER was in the news recently —he walked out on an affair in Zimbabwe featuring an excoriation by Zimbabwe's Youth Minister of the United States for our failure to declare war on South Africa. Three days later, the former President, who had flown to Chicago to build another low-income house, was on the *Today Show*, explaining that it wasn't what the Youth Minister had said about United States policy toward South Africa—Carter agreed with all that—it was the circumstances in which the criticisms were made (Fourth of July, bad manners, that sort of thing). But what arrested attention wasn't Jimmy Carter's views on South Africa, which are the same as Amy's. It was that Bryant Gumbel, the sophisticated and trend-smart anchorman of the *Today Show*, twice referred to Jimmy Carter as "Mr. Carter."

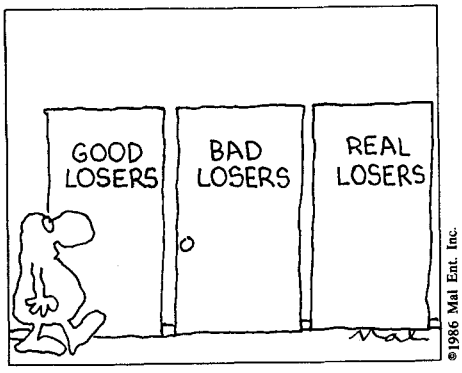
If this is indeed a trend—the re-republicanization of America—then it is very much worth paying attention to. It happens that I knew Herbert Hoover, and in the half-dozen times I was with him, I heard no one refer to him as "Mr. President." He was either "Mr. Hoover," or "Chief." The tradition is of long standing. Thomas Jefferson could not wait until he could once again be called "Mr. Jefferson." The antagonism of the Founding Fathers to titles and all that British foppery stuff deeply influenced idiomatic usage.

My impression is that it was Harry Truman who more or less let it be known that he expected to be called "Mr. President" until the day he died. For all the hoopla about his origins as a man of the people, Harry Truman was the most rank-conscious President in memory. Twenty years later he was still riled that General MacArthur did not initiate, or else did not reciprocate—something—when they met on Wake Island to discuss the Korean War.

That kind of thing is the mark of insecurity, and if President Carter has given out the word that he wishes from now on to be "Mr. Carter," then that is a healthy development. One likes to think that Cincinnatus, after turning his sword back into a plowshare, told his fellow Romans they could stop calling him "Dictator," just plain "Cincinnatus" would do.

The protocols are not fixed on the matter. And as often as not, they are set not by the principal, but by courtiers. Not necessarily for ignoble reasons, but in search of courtesy. I can think of two people who call the office I work in. If the call is announced by their secretary or telephone operator, one learns that "Ambassador" So-and-So is calling. If Ambassador So-and-So is calling himself (/herself), then one hears, "This is Mr. X calling," or "This is Mrs. Y calling." Some people, for reasons that don't necessarily relate to vanity, retain their titles generations after they exercised the appropriate office. Thus the late Governor Charles Edison was "Governor Edison" thirty years after he was governor. One runs into people who occupy so many offices one has to pause to wonder which honorific they prefer: Elliot Richardson could be called "Ambassador" (Great Britain), "General" (Attorney), or "Mr. Secretary" (Sec HEW, Sec Def). He goes by "Mr. Richardson." Nelson Rockefeller preferred "Governor" even when he was "Mr. Vice President," "Mr. Vice President" consuming, as it does, a most egregious number of syllables.

The case for permanent titles can still be made. John Adams once remarked that a country is better off draining personal ambition through titles than through power. But of course titles are for the most part utter phony baloney in any serious sense. G. K. Chesterton said in effect that six men are given a pick and shovel, and the one who finds coal becomes Lord Northumberland. It continues to mean a great deal in Britain: to conservatives, because they want to reaffirm their belief in The System (thus Harold Macmillan finally relented, at age ninety, and accepted an hereditary earldom; and Winston Churchill, who could have been made, oh, queen, agreed to be sirred). And socialists like it because, except within a very pure strain, socialists tend to like personal pomp. I made the mistake recently of referring to him as "Sir Harold," and the sometime leader of the British forces of socialism lifted his finger to his lips and said, correcting me, "Lord Wilson."



Of course, I was glad to lord him for the balance of the hour, and would be glad, if he wanted it, to call Jimmy Carter "Mr. President." But it's nice he doesn't seem to care, real nice. But while at it, he could simultaneously nod to orthodoxy and adopt a new first name: James. □

THE PORN REPORT: HOW TO EVALUATE IT

NEW YORK, JULY 16

HEREWITH A GUIDE on how to respond to the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography, whose findings have been so widely derided.

1. It was a mistake for the Commission's Executive Director, Alan Sears, to write to merchandisers who handle the big three pornographic magazines (*Playboy*, *Penthouse*, *Hustler*) using language both hortatory and intimidating. (You "are involved in the sale or distribution of pornography . . . Failure to respond will necessarily be accepted as an indication of no objection"—i.e., to pornography.) He was properly rebuked by the Court for exerting quasi-legal pressure without due process.

On the other hand, it is disingenuous to take the position that the three mags are not pornographic. In order of appeal to lubricity, they rank: *Hustler* (sick), *Penthouse* (much porn), *Playboy* (least porn), so let us speak of *Penthouse*, as *la revue moyenne sensuelle*. There are many definitions of pornography. The accusation has been made that the commission never defined it. Well, it did: Porn, said the commission, is material that is "predominantly sexually explicit and intended primarily for the purpose of sexual arousal." The best way to cope with the argument that *Penthouse* also publishes non-pornographic material is to laugh at it. Ask yourself the question whether *Penthouse* would survive three months without the sex. Its readership

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would be about the size of *The Homiletic and Pastoral Review*'s.

2. The commission attempted to demonstrate that reading pornography inclines some readers to illegal behavior, for instance rape, or "aggressive sex." It is probably correct that it does, but almost impossible to prove. It would be much easier to prove that liquor enhances lubricity, than that *Penthouse* does. In the twenty-first century, they're going to be arguing about whether capital punishment decreases capital offenses. Well, we all know that it does, but would have a difficult time proving it beyond cavil. The commission, in other words, accepted a mandate it could not hope to handle.

There is hardly any question that *Penthouse* et al. arouse and semi-satisfy lust. One asks these days, Well, is that bad? Lust is a human predicament, and just as hunger is satisfied by food, so lust needs satisfaction. The civilized answer to this is of course that lust as appetite is satisfied in marriage, and that unlike food, which is necessary to prolong life, sex can be, and everywhere is, contained and even sublimated. People enter voluntarily into celibacy.

The main argument against the pornographers is less that they depict lust, than that in doing so they depict not the desire of Romeo for Juliet, satisfied by love and marriage, but the sexual hunger of Joe for any Jane he can lay his hands upon. A typical ending of a sexual episode in the pornies sees Joe off after a casual encounter with Jane, in search of other prey.

3. Now, a free country countenances publishers who advocate callousness toward women, cocksmanship as the primal urge, utter insouciance and irresponsibility for the fate of others: The Devil himself is free to publish in America.

But so is public sentiment free to react. It violates no one's rights at all to organize boycotts of any store that traffics in material the effect of which is to encourage uncivilized behavior. If a boycott were organized against bookstores that sold books and magazines urging racial discrimination, preaching the utility of the black man primarily as a menial, urging the view that the Jew is genetically avaricious or untrustworthy, one doubts that the American Civil Liberties Union would object that the boycotters were acting unconstitutionally.

The Commission on Pornography in effect encourages such boycotts, and the wonder is that the firestorm in the cultural press is aimed not at the philosophizers who preach the kind of activity, governed by the priapic imperative, that results in illegitimacy and broken homes, but at those who seek to call public attention to smut-for-profit. The critics join many libertarians in wondering how this all became a federal question. The answer to that is that the First Amendment is invoked whenever and wherever efforts are made to counteract the smut peddlers. If the Supreme Court is going to become involved every time a citizen objects to *The Devil in Miss Jones* being shown at the local theater, then you are going to need federal findings on pornography.

And, finally, it is the feds who pay the cost—that part of the cost that is payable—of wanton sex. Aid to Families with Dependent Children costs about $15 billion per year. And it will take any social scientist about five minutes to find a correlation between the birth of the sexual revolution in America, and the multiple birth of the bastard in America. □

WHAT'S DIFFERENT ABOUT NICARAGUA?

NEW YORK, JULY 18

MR. TOM WICKER of the *New York Times*, the guardian of U.S. appeasement, opposes U.S. aid to the Contras for boilerplate reasons (the Soviets will increase their aid, we will increase ours, they will increase theirs, and before you know it, the Marines will land). But in the course of explicating the usual arms-race reason why the U.S. should lose the arms race, Mr. Wicker writes a marvelously revealing sentence. ". . . The United States has no more obligation to install democracy by force in Nicaragua than it does in Chile, or South Africa."

It isn't our job, quite correct, to make the world safe for democracy, and no one was more eager than Tom Wicker to make that point when we tried to make South Vietnam safe for democracy. But to mention Nicaragua in the same breath with South Africa and Chile is (perhaps involuntarily) to reveal the grave strategic fault in one's thinking. The American liberal tends to say: Are government A and government B repressive governments? If so, our position toward government A and government B should be the same. This is to miss altogether the point most succinctly made by Senator Fulbright many years ago when he said that the American Government has no proper quarrel with any country, no matter how obnoxious its policies, so long as it does not seek to export them.

That is what distinguishes our policy in Nicaragua from our policies in Chile and South Africa. Life in Chile is growing progressively worse, and the decision a few days ago to retreat from a commitment to free elections even in 1989 suggests that Chile is now suffering from the megalomania of the aging despot. South Africa has democracy, but limited—as America's democracy was limited, in some places, until the mid-1960s—to white voters. But neither Mr. Botha of South Africa, nor Mr. Pinochet of Chile, has designs on neighboring countries, and that is the operative consideration for U.S. foreign policy, particularly when imperialism is a surrogate exercise on behalf of a superpower that has a whole lot of hydrogen bombs and the means to spray them about the population centers of the United States.

Nor is it democracy that is the first ambition of American idealism, if not of American policy. The Chileans had democracy and ushered in the reign of Salvador Allende, who proceeded step by step to subvert free institutions in Chile, even as Robert Mugabe, ushered in by democracy in Zimbabwe, is proceeding step by step to subvert free institutions. It is a very old story, and a very unfortunate one—democracy took us to Perón in Argentina and to Hitler in Germany. It isn't democracy we should be looking for, but the rule of law. And the rule of law is graced by democracy, but is not guaranteed by democracy.

The Soviet Union dispatched to Nicaragua last week 15 more Mi-17 helicopters, and Mr. Wicker is quite correct in saying that this poses a greater challenge to the Contras, the response to which only the United States can subsidize. How?

WELL, YOU SAY, why did we let the helicopters get into Nicaragua? A good question, unanswered by the Administration, or by Mr. Wicker. Did they come in by freighter? If so, do we plan to inspect incoming vessels in the future? Or did they fly in from Cuba? And what are we going to do about that? Ask Congress for another hundred million?

But all those movements are arranged in Moscow. And, in Moscow, Mr. Mitterrand has been talking (15 hours) with Mr. Gorbachev about the imperatives of summit diplomacy. The State Department almost every day makes it plain how badly we wish for such a meeting to take place, if only to further the collaborative relationship that is seen as the key to peace. But the key to peace is of course cessation of aggressive activity. No one seriously doubts that if Mr. Ortega were to renounce his ties to the Communist world and satisfy himself simply to oppress his people, in the same way that Mr. Pinochet is oppressing his people, we would lose interest in the Nicaraguan phenomenon, sigh deeply, and say, well, what we have got is one more Latin American dictator, so what else is new?

The Soviet Union desires, in addition to sovereignty over the affairs of the world, certain concessions by the United States, to which end it is busy making various diplomatic overtures. Would we not welcome an overture by Mr. Reagan that says: Forget any summit meetings until after the disarmament of Nicaragua? □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

HOBART ROWEN:

Falling Oil Prices

The collapse of oil prices, despite the shock waves it is sending through the banking and energy industries, is a healthy development. It will lead to lower inflation and interest rates and act as a stimulus to economic activity in most of the world.

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Personal

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BROOKHISER

(Continued from page 33)

display nevertheless reveals something, despite Gori's marginality, about the larger society.

The first exhibit in the Stalin museum sits just outside it—the house Stalin grew up in, covered by a stone canopy to protect it from the elements. The museum is entered through a Moorish lobby. To the left is a small room, like a receptionist's office. And indeed, someone is there to greet you: Stalin himself in a red mosaic, smiling, and rising from his desk as if to shake your hand. (He probably shook Kirov's.) A staircase with curlicued marble banisters rises to the second floor, where a cicerone—in our case, a prim old woman, like a small-town high-school teacher—explains the displays: copies of his boyish poems; pictures of him as a lad. He becomes a Communist, and grows in wisdom and in stature. There are shots of him with the sly, lightbulb-headed Lenin. The period of the Ukraine famine is represented by a smiling girl on a tractor. There is one photograph from early 1939—Stalin giving a speech in which he warns of the dangers of war—then no more pictures till late 1941.

The leader at war. Tributes from Roosevelt, Churchill, de Gaulle. A truly awful clock radio presented by the workers in a tank factory (atop the radio, a small bronze tank rolls over a black iron eagle clutching a swastika in its talons). Stalin's death mask reposes in a room all to itself, laid out on a small, altar-like table. You walk around it on a carpeted, circular ramp; the lights are dim; a single shaft picks out the features.

The last rooms contain Stalin's *chatchkas*—his coats, his pipes; gifts from abroad: an accordion from Czechoslovakia, a Chinese vase with his picture on it, a Mexican ceramic of a sombrero'd peasant dozing beneath a cactus.

About midway through the tour, our Intourist guide appeared to suspect that we were taking a perverse amusement in the inversion of morality that the museum represented. "After all," she commented, "he did have an effect on his time."

So he did. He ought to have a museum devoted to his career. But the shrine in Gori is rather an exhibit for a museum that is yet to be built. In its double contempt for truth and for the lives snuffed out by its subject—for human beings, and for history—it suggests that Stalin's career, whatever its posthumous ups and downs, still continues. Stalin, as James Burnham observed, *was* the revolution; and the revolution has not forsaken him.

I bought a pin from the museum, showing Stalin's house, and I considered an inlaid plaque, showing Stalin lighting a pipe, but decided it wouldn't fit in my suitcase. □

HAWKINS

(Continued from page 34)

cruise missiles, or submarines. But as long as those systems did not have first-strike capability, their presence did not weaken the effectiveness of SDI as a deterrent. Now that submarines are moving into the first-strike category, they too must be neutralized.

The most cost-effective way to do this is to use ASATs against the satellites on which Soviet sub commanders will have to rely for navigation and targeting data. Unlike land-based missile sites, submarines' locations cannot be pinpointed before the time of firing. On-board inertial navigation systems are quite good, but to gain the accuracy needed for a first strike against hardened targets, subs require outside confirmation. Since the techniques for hardening targets are improving, if SLBMs are to remain first-strike weapons, they will need the additional accuracy to be gained from in-flight satellite guidance. In addition, a successful Soviet first strike would require the split-second coordination of dozens of units scattered across the ocean vastness. To accomplish this feat, the Soviets will have to create a global communications network using satellite relays. Interfere with any of these vital satellite functions during a crisis and Soviet planners will lose confidence in their ability to launch a successful attack.

Thus, integrating ASATs into an active defensive strategy would bolster deterrence. And should deterrence fail, the use of ASATs could degrade the accuracy of SLBMs enough to save many targets from destruction. No wonder the Soviets are so upset by ASAT. Like Star Wars itself, the ASAT challenges the core of Soviet plans to initiate and win a nuclear exchange. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Erstwhile nightclub girl — 84 26 158 177 2 195 67 90

B. Pronounce the sentence — 107 190 42 150 134 19 215 66 92 117

C. Building — 136 57 33 112 89 8 69 171 191

D. Animated expression — 83 32 16 127 97 46 208 180 62 1 / 193 196 108

E. English racing site (2 words) — 91 31 126 157 169 44 201 101 20 119

F. Site of University of Maine — 160 138 37 186 59

G. Washington Irving character — 205 47 179 77 10 159 24 88 99 221 / 55 139

H. Unintelligible talk — 73 58 166 149 135 113 214 86 9

I. Mideast river of note — 216 43 142 116 81 56 68 172 27

J. Cubs' home (2 words) — 120 70 82 21 36 189 168 206 140 3 / 96 109

K. Bloodshot, so to speak — 45 224 210 181 79 148 18 114 60

L. Launch — 28 175 197 85 100 65 110

M. Phraseology — 50 111 4 144 198 29 207 156

N. Descriptive of a romantic evening —especially in Miami — 61 170 128 25 49 178 98

O. Puts in new equipment— especially in the stable — 137 147 212 115 48 87 167 11

P. Works with ears — 220 131 64 163 17 217

Q. Passive — 141 211 30 71 176 51

R. Good digestion — 106 6 74 164 129 35 154 185

S. A well-dressed Mr. Boone (2 words) — 145 121 38 95 14 174 22 165 63

T. Knowing the value of a dollar — 183 103 209 152 41 130 93

U. A South African language — 188 23 202 123 39 72 213 5 133

V. Cupid — 200 118 223 155

W. Fear — 173 203 125 12 222 78

X. New England dish (2 words) — 219 80 94 161 204 7 54 187 146 102

Y. Bothered — 76 143 194 53 105 132 218 13 182

Z. "Adam, with such counsel ___ swayed"—Milton — 122 40 153 199 162 15 52

a. In need of slaking — 151 184 104 75 192 124 34

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 D	2 A	3 J		4 M	5 U	6 R	7 X	8 C		9 H	10 G	11 O		12 W	13 Y	14 S	15 Z		16 D
17 P	18 K	19 B	20 E	21 J		22 S	23 U	24 G	25 N		26 A		27 I	28 L	29 M	30 Q	31 E	32 D	33 C
34 a		35 R	36 J	37 F	38 S	39 U		40 Z	41 T		42 B	43 I	44 E	45 K	46 D	47 G	48 O	49 N	
50 M	51 Q	52 Z	53 Y	54 X	55 G	56 I	57 C	58 H	59 F	60 K		61 N	62 D	63 S	64 P	65 L	66 B	67 A	68 I
69 C	70 J	71 Q	72 U	73 H		74 R	75 a	76 Y	77 G	78 W	79 K	80 X		81 I	82 J	83 D	84 A	85 L	86 H
	87 O	88 G	89 C	90 A	91 E	92 B	93 T		94 X	95 S	96 J	97 D	98 N		99 G	100L	101E		102X
103T	104a	105Y	106R		107B	108D	109J		110L	111M	112C	113H		114K	115O	116I	117B	118V	119E
	120J	121S	122Z	123U		124a	125W		126E	127D	128N	129R		130T	131P	132Y	133U		134B
135H	136C	137O	138F	139G		140J	141Q		142I	143Y	144M	145S	146X	147O	148K		149H	150B	151a
	152T	153Z		154R	155V		156M	157E	158A		159G	160F	161X	162Z	163P	164R	165S	166H	167O
168J		169E	170N	171C	172I		173W	174S	175L	176Q	177A	178N	179G	180D	181K	182Y		183T	184a
185R	186F		187X	188U	189J		190B	191C	192a	193D	194Y	195A		196D	197L		198M	199Z	200V
	201E	202U	203W	204X	205G		206J	207M	208D	209T		210K	211Q	212O	213U	214H	215B	216I	217P
	218Y	219X		220P	221G	222W		223V	224K										

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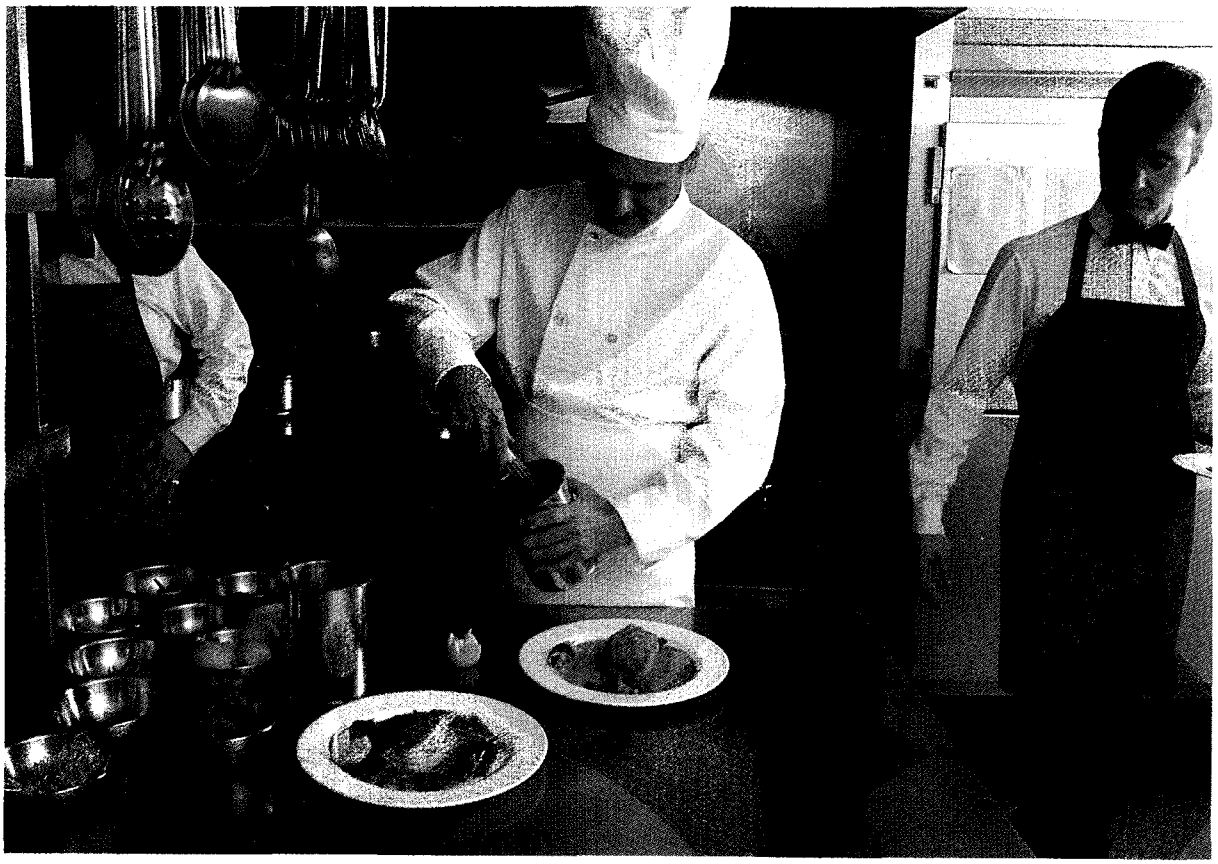

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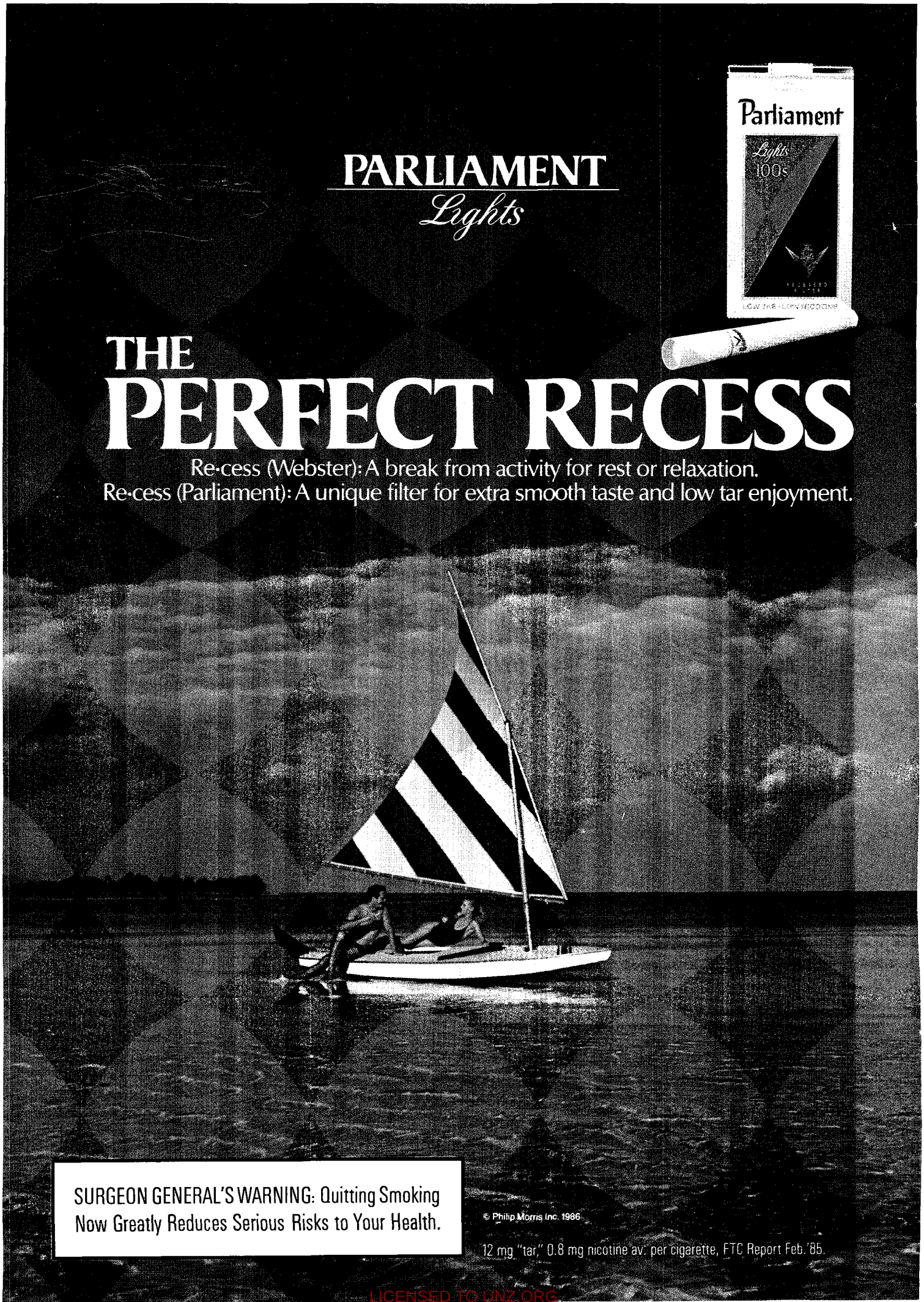
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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.
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12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85.

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